

THE POETICAL WORKS

of

A N D R E W L A N G

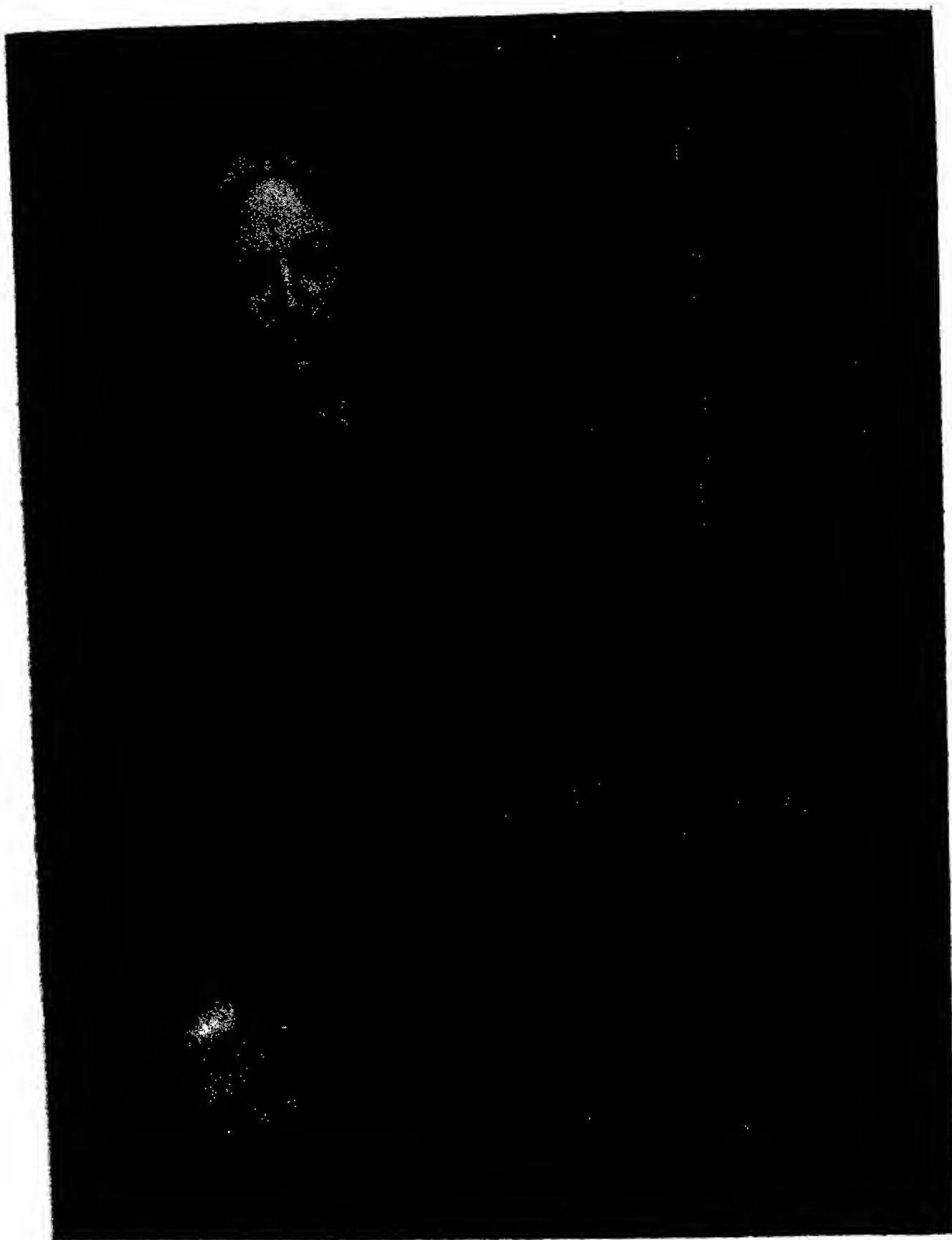
VOL. I

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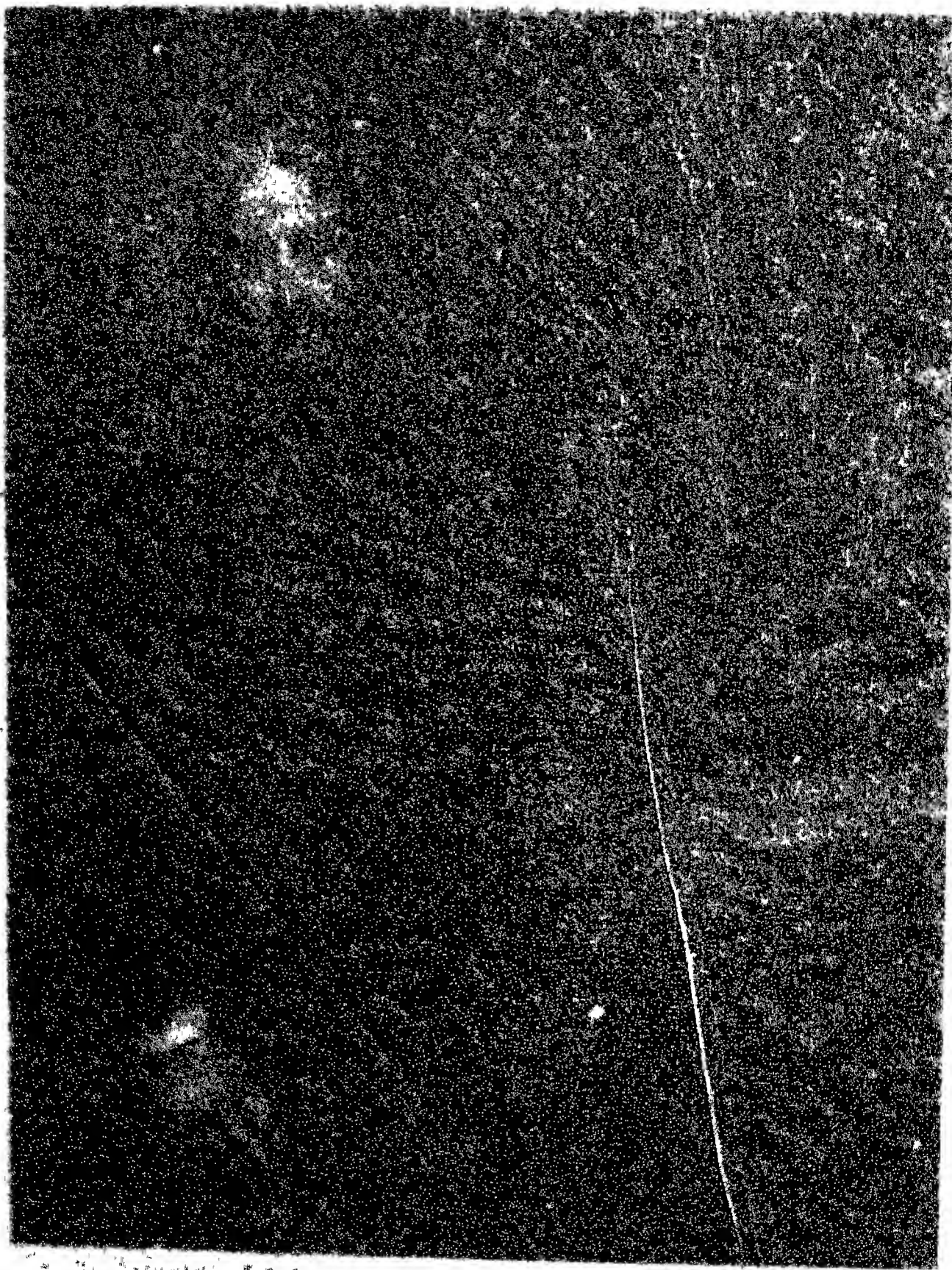




Sir W. B. Richmond. P. A. p. m. c.

Emerit Walker ph. sc.

About 1886



About 1686

THE POETICAL WORKS

17242

of

1387

ANDREW LANG

Edited by Mrs. LANG

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. I

With Portrait

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P R E F A C E

‘My mind is gay but my soul is melancholy.’ So Andrew Lang once said of himself; and it was the union—or the clashing—of the gaiety and the melancholy that gave him his personality. No collection of his verses could therefore be complete and representative which did not draw from both these sources and allow full play to each. The shadows must be there as well as the lights: the irresponsible exuberance of his ‘hours of ease’, as well as the glimpses of a spirit in travail. What may be called the conventional livery of a poet never appealed to him; he was totally devoid of the sensitiveness to criticism commonly supposed to be the hall-mark of the race, and—supreme test of humour—was always ready to laugh at his own productions. As to the topics treated in the poems, they really seem without limit, and the multiplicity of his interests earned for him the epithet of ‘versatile’, a name which he particularly detested, without ever explaining why. But this very variety

of subjects has materially increased the difficulty—already considerable—of editing the poems. You never knew where to have him—or to look for him. He might publish one set of verses in a sporting paper on Friday, and another set in an organ of wholly opposite views on Saturday; the political opinions they represented were nothing to him as long as he was allowed to express himself on a cricket match or a ghost or the rare edition of a book. He would write letters in verse, break the monotony of a constitutional along a dreary road with a torrent of nonsense rhymes—even his dreams would sometimes bring forth melodious lines. Matter for a ‘collected’ edition there is enough and to spare, and much hitherto unprinted material—unprinted, that is, in book-form—is to be found in these volumes. Old magazines have been ransacked, old newspapers inspected, books ostensibly all prose examined, and the yield has been abundant. But the richest mine of all has proved to be the exhaustive Bibliography of the late Mr. C. F. Falconer of Dundee, to which the Rev. W. H. Hamilton of Over Wormit has had access. Indeed without his help and that of Mr. Charles Longman the task of collection would

have been impossible. Not, of course, that these fresh poems could be transferred wholesale into the present work. Much of the new material was found to be topical or ephemeral; verses struck off at the request of a student who would break in ruthlessly on the weighing of some obscure historical problem with a petition for 'something' to fill a space in the next issue of a College Magazine. Or again, they might be written at the entreaty of a lady who is convinced that 'a poem of yours, dear Mr. Lang, will ensure the sale of our Bazaar book'. With few exceptions such 'contributions to literature' have, naturally, no permanent value. They have had their day; let them cease to be.

As regards the question of selection one word must be said. The Editor has been influenced solely by the consideration as to what (in her judgement) the writer himself would have wished to be 'abolished or retained', and on this subject she is conscious that the verdict of many who have hoarded favourite cuttings from papers or magazines will be against her. It is unfortunate, but cannot be helped. Once again, it is impossible to please everybody.

Much more serious, however, have been the difficulties of what may be called the ‘physical’ side of the problem; and foremost of these stands the frequent reprinting in successive volumes of the same poem under different titles, and often with verses added or taken away and with lines and words altered. This inconvenient habit has rendered necessary the close comparison of the various volumes page by page and word with word before deciding on the better version, and the Editor hopes that any lapses in this direction may be forgiven her.

But the material once gathered under her eye, the arrangement has caused anxious thought. As far as was possible the author’s own order has been followed, and here the Editor is relieved of all responsibility. In other cases, however, the choice lay between arrangement by subject and that by chronology—which could not be guaranteed with any approach to accuracy. Hence, she determined to classify the subjects under various headings, so that any poem sought for might easily be identified by the seekers—a method which has the further advantage of showing the interests of the writer at a glance; his love of nature, his

unchangeable affection to his old friends, his boyish spirit, his sympathy with lost causes just because they were lost causes. Yet even so, one division is apt to overlap another, and any given poem may equally well be classified under three or four headings, and claim a place either in 'Scotland' or 'Fishing', in 'Ballades' or 'Friends', among 'Sonnets' or 'Translations'. The reader can take his choice!

It only remains for me to give my heartiest thanks to his old friend Sir Herbert Maxwell for the trouble he has taken over the proofs, and to Mr. John D. Hamilton of Glasgow, whose vigilant eye has saved me from several yawning pitfalls.

L. B. L.

FRONTISPIECE

PORTRAIT (ABOUT 1886)

From the painting by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

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I

OXFORD AND ST. ANDREWS



Almæ Matres

(ST. ANDREWS, 1862. OXFORD, 1865)

ST. ANDREWS by the northern sea,
A haunted town it is to me!

A little city, worn and gray,

The gray North Ocean girds it round;
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,

The long sea-rollers surge and sound;
And still the thin and biting spray

Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endure, and still decay,

Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand
Dim mirrored in the wet sea-sand.

O ruined chapel! long ago

We loitered idly where the tall
Fresh budded mountain ashes blow

Within thy desecrated wall:

The tough roots rent the tomb below,

The April birds sang clamorous,
We did not dream, we could not know,
How hardly fate would deal with us!

4 OXFORD AND ST. ANDREWS

O broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town !
O winter of the kindly north,
O college of the scarlet gown,
And shining sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
Once more I watch you, and to me
It is as if I touched his hand !

And therefore art thou yet more dear,
O little city, gray and sere,
Though shrunk from thine ancient pride
And lonely by thy lonely sea,
Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
Where Youth an hour came back to me !

A land of waters green and clear,
Of willows and of poplars tall,
And, in the spring-time of the year,
The white may breaking over all,
And Pleasure quick to come at call.

And summer rides by marsh and wold,
And autumn with her crimson pall

About the towers of Magdalen rolled ;
And strange enchantments from the past,
And memories of the friends of old,
And strong Tradition, binding fast

The 'flying terms' with bands of gold,—

OXFORD AND ST. ANDREWS 5

All these hath Oxford : all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown,
St. Andrews by the northern sea,
That is a haunted town to me !

Freshman's Term

RETURN again, thou Freshman's year,
 When bloom was on the rye,
 When breakfast came with bottled beer,
 When Pleasure walked the High;
 When Torpid Bumps were more by far
 To every opening mind
 Than Trade, or Shares, or Peace, or War,
 To senior humankind;
 When ribbons of outrageous hues
 Were worn with honest pride,
 When much was talked of boats and crews,
 When Proctors were defied:
 When tick was in its early bloom,
 When Schools were far away,
 As vaguely distant as the tomb,
 Nor more regarded—they!
 When arm was friendly linked with arm
 Beneath the College limes,
 When Sunday grinds possessed a charm
 Denied to *College Rhymes*:

OXFORD AND ST. ANDREWS 7

When ices were in much request
Beside the April fire,
When men were very strangely dressed
By Standen or by Prior,
Return, ye Freshman's Terms! They *do*
Return, and much the same,
To boys, who just like me and you,
Play the absurd old game.

*Ballade of the Summer Term**(Being a Petition, in the form of a Ballade, praying the University Commissioners to spare the Summer Term.)*

WHEN Lent and Responsions are ended,
 When May with fritillaries waits,
 When the flower of the chestnut is splendid,
 When drags are at all of the gates
 (Those drags the philosopher 'slates'
 With a scorn that is truly sublime),¹
 Life wins from the grasp of the fates
 Sweet hours and the fleetest of time !

When wickets are bowl'd and defended,
 When Isis is glad with 'the Eights',
 When music and sunset are blended,
 When Youth and the summer are mates,
 When Freshmen are heedless of 'Greats',
 And when note-books are cover'd with rhyme,
 Ah, these are the hours that one rates—
 Sweet hours and the fleetest of time !

¹ Cf. 'Suggestions for Academic Reorganization'.

When the brow of the Dean is unbended
 At luncheons and mild tête-à-têtes,
 When the Tutor's in love, nor offended
 By blunders in tenses or dates;
 When bouquets are purchased of Bates,
 When the bells in their melody chime,
 When unheeded the Lecturer prates—
 Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

ENVOY

Reformers of Schools and of States,
 Is mirth so tremendous a crime?
 Ah! spare what grim pedantry hates—
 Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

‘Oh, what should I do there’

Air: ‘The Bush aboon Traquair.’

OH, what should I do there,
 In the lately vacant chair
 Of Mr. Matthew Arnold, by the Isis stream?
 Where, instead of cushat’s coos
 Is the plashing of canoes,
 And the coaches curse the crews and the coxes scream.

The oars in rowlocks straining,
 ‘Now, Trinity, you’re gaining’:
 Oh, little should I hear that was worth my heed;
 I should much prefer to daunder
 Where the sheep and shepherds wander,
 And muse, and maybe maunder, by the Tweed.

[After J. C. Shairp.]



The Singing Rose

‘La Rose qui chante et l’herbe qui égare.’

*WHITE Rose on the gray garden wall,
Where now no night-wind whispereth,
Call to the far-off flowers, and call
With murmured breath and musical,
Till all the roses hear, and all
Sing to my love what the White Rose saith.*

White Rose on the gray garden wall
That long ago we sung!
Again you come at summer’s call,—
Again beneath my windows all
With trellised flowers is hung,
With clusters of the roses white
Like fragrant stars in a green night.

Once more I hear the sister towers
Each unto each reply,
The bloom is on those limes of ours,
The weak wind shakes the bloom in showers,
Snow from a cloudless sky;
There is no change this happy day
Within the College gardens gray!

St. Mary's, Merton, Magdalen—still
 Their sweet bells chime and swing,
 The old years answer them, and thrill
 A wintry heart against its will
 With memories of the spring—
 That spring we sought the gardens through
 For flowers which ne'er in gardens grew!

For we, beside our nurse's knee,
 In fairy tales had heard
 Of that strange rose which blossoms free
 On boughs of an enchanted tree,
 And sings like any bird!
 And of the weed beside the way
 That leadeth lovers' steps astray!

In vain we sought the Singing Rose
 Whereof old legends tell,
 Alas! we found it not 'mid those
 Within the gray old College close,
 That budded, flowered, and fell,—
 We found that herb called 'Wandering'
 And meet no more, no more in spring.

OXFORD AND ST. ANDREWS 13

Yes, unawares the unhappy grass
That leadeth steps astray
We trod, and so it came to pass
That never more we twain, alas,
Shall walk the self-same way.
And each must deem, though neither knows,
That *neither* found the Singing Rose.

A Toast

Kate Kennedy is the Patron Saint of St. Leonards and St. Salvator.
Her history is quite unknown.

THE learned are all 'in a swither',
(They don't very often agree,)
They know not her 'whence' nor her 'whither',
The Maiden we drink to together,
The College's Kate Kennedie!

Did she shine in days early or later?
Did she ever achieve a degree?
Was she pretty or plain? Did she mate, or
Live lonely? And who was the *pater*
Of mystical Kate Kennedie?

The learned may scorn her and scout her,
But true to her colours are *we*,
The learned may mock her and flout her,
But surely we'll rally about her,
In the College that stands by the sea.

OXFORD AND ST. ANDREWS 15

So here's to her memory! here to

The mystical maiden drink we,
We'll pledge her, and we'll persevere too,
Though the reason is not very clear to
The critical mind, nor to *me*.

Here's to Kate! she's our own, and she's dear to
The College that stands by the sea.

St. Andrews Bay

NIGHT

AH, listen through the music, from the shore,
The 'melancholy long-withdrawing roar';
Beneath the Minster, and the windy caves,
The wide North Ocean, marshalling his waves!
Even so forlorn—in worlds beyond our ken—
May sigh the seas that are not heard of men;
Even so forlorn, prophetic of man's fate,
Sounded the cold sea-wave disconsolate,
When none but God might hear the boding tone,
As God shall hear the long lament alone,
When all is done, when all the tale is told,
And the gray sea-wave echoes as of old!

MORNING

This was the burden of the night,
 The saying of the sea,
 But lo! the hours have brought the light,
 The laughter of the waves, the flight
 Of dipping sea-birds, foamy white,
 That are so glad to be!
 ‘Forget’! the happy creatures cry,
 ‘Forget night’s monotone,
 With us be glad in sea and sky,
 The days are thine, the days that fly,
 The days God gives to know Him by,
 And not the night alone!’

The End of the Term

ST. ANDREWS

FAREWELL: before the winter goes we go,
 Before the flush of spring,
 We leave the gardens flaked with foam for snow,
 Ere the larks dare to sing:
 Good-bye! the minster gray
 Must watch it pass away,
 The fitting colour of the scarlet gown,
 We shall not see the green above the gray,
 The summer in the Town.

Farewell the long line of the violet hills
 Beyond the yellow sand,
 The wide brown level that the water fills
 Between the sea and land;
 The sea-birds call and cry
 On shining sands or dry,
 Along the foam-fringed margins of the Bay;
 We shall not see the splendour of July
 Here—nor the longest day!

Farewell! for turning a reluctant face
Once more we seek the din,
The lurid light on that abhorrent place
Of luxury and sin;
Farewell! yet once we knew
How the brief twilight through
The sunset with the sunrise mingled here,
Above the grey links and the waters blue
In summer of the year.

II

SCOTLAND

Ballade of his own Country

I scribbled on a fly-book's leaves
Among the shining salmon-flies ;
A song for summer-time that grieves
I scribbled on a fly-book's leaves.
Between gray sea and golden sheaves,
Beneath the soft wet Morvern skies,
I scribbled on a fly-book's leaves,
Among the shining salmon-flies.

To C. H. A.

LET them boast of Arabia, oppressed
By the odour of myrrh on the breeze ;
In the isles of the east and the west
That are sweet with the cinnamon trees
Let the sandal-wood perfume the seas,
Give the roses to Rhodes and to Crete,
We are more than content, if you please,
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat !

Though Dan Virgil enjoyed himself best
 With the scent of the limes, when the bees
Hummed low 'round the doves in their nest,
 While the vintagers lay at their ease ;
Had he sung in our northern degrees,
 He'd have sought a securer retreat,
He'd have dwelt, where the heart of us flees,
 With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat !

Oh, the broom has a chivalrous crest
 And the daffodil's fair on the leas,
And the soul of the southron might rest,
 And be perfectly happy with these ;
But *we*, that were nursed on the knees
 Of the hills of the north, we would fleet
Where our hearts might their longing appease
 With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat !

ENVOY

Princess, the domain of our quest
 It is far from the sounds of the street,
Where the Kingdom of Galloway's blest
 With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat !

Grass of Parnassus

P A L E star that by the lochs of Galloway,
In wet green places 'twixt the depth and height,
Dost keep thine hour while autumn ebbs away,
When now the moors have doffed the heather bright,
Grass of Parnassus, flower of my delight,
How gladly with the unpermitted bay—
Garlands not mine, and leaves that not decay—
How gladly would I twine thee if I might!

The bays are out of reach! But far below
The peaks forbidden of the Muses' Hill,
Grass of Parnassus, thy returning snow
Between September and October chill
Doth speak to me of autumns long ago,
And these kind faces that are with me still.

A Galloway Garland

WE know not, on these hills of ours,
The fabled asphodel of Greece,
That filleth with immortal flowers
Fields where the heroes are at peace!
Not ours are myrtle buds like these
That breathe o'er isles where memories dwell
Of Sappho, in enchanted seas!

We meet not, on our upland moor,
The singing Maid of Helicon,
You may not hear her music pure
Float on the mountain meres withdrawn;
The Muse of Greece, the Muse is gone!
But we have songs that please us well
And flowers we love to look upon.

More sweet than southern myrtles far
The bruised marsh-myrtle breatheth keen;
Parnassus names the flower, the star,
That shines among the well-heads green
The bright marsh-asphodels between—
Marsh-myrtle and marsh-asphodel
May crown the northern Muse a queen.

A Sunset on Yarrow

THE wind and the day had lived together,
They died together, and far away
Spoke farewell in the sultry weather,
Out of the sunset, over the heather,
The dying wind and the dying day.

Far in the south, the summer levin
Flushed, a flame in the gray soft air :
We seemed to look on the hills of heaven ;
You saw within, but to me 'twas given
To see your face, as an angel's, there.

Never again, ah surely never
Shall we wait and watch, where of old we stood,
The low good-night of the hill and the river,
The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver,
Twain grown one in the solitude.

Ballade of the Tweed

(LOWLAND SCOTCH)

To T. W. L.

THE ferox rins in rough Loch Awe,
A weary cry frae ony toun;
The Spey, that louns o'er linn and fa',
They praise a' ither streams aboon;
They boast their braes o' bonny Doon:
Gie *me* to hear the ringing reel,
Where shilfas sing and cushats croon
By fair Tweed-side, at Ashiesteel!

There's Ettrick, Meggat, Ail, and a',
Where trout swim thick in May and June;
Ye'll see them take in showers o' snaw
Some blinking, cauldrie April noon:
Rax ower the palmer and march-broun,
And syne we'll show a bonny creel,
In spring or simmer, late or soon,
By fair Tweed-side, at Ashiesteel!

There's mony a water, great or sma',
Gaes singing in his siller tune,
Through glen and heugh, and hope and shaw,
Beneath the sun-licht or the moon :
But set us in our fishing-shoon
Between the Caddon-burn and Peel,
And syne we'll cross the heather broun
By fair Tweed-side at Ashiesteel !

ENVOY

Deil take the dirty, trading loon
Wad gar the water ca' his wheel,
And drift his dyes and poisons down
By fair Tweed-side at Ashiesteel !

April on Tweed

AS birds are fain to build their nest
The first soft sunny day,
So longing wakens in my breast
A month before the May,
When now the wind is from the west,
And winter melts away.

The snow lies yet on Eildon Hill,
But soft the breezes blow.
If melting snows the waters fill,
We nothing heed the snow,
But we must up and take our will—
A fishing will we go!

Below the branches brown and bare,
Beneath the primrose lea,
The trout lies waiting for his fare,
A hungry trout is he;
He's hooked, and springs and splashes there
Like salmon from the sea!

SCOTLAND

31

Oh, April-tide's a pleasant tide,
 However times may fall,
And sweet to welcome spring, the bride,
 You hear the mavis call ;
But all adown the water-side
 The spring's most fair of all

Twilight on Tweed

THREE crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain,
The dear remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land ;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The border waters flow ;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

SCOTLAND

33

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Plashed in the golden stream.

.

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and thrice fair you be ;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.

Ballant o' Ballantrae

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Written in wet weather, this conveyed to the Master of Ballantrae a wrong idea of a very beautiful and charming place, with links, a river celebrated by Burns, good sea-fishing, and, on the river, a ruined castle at every turn of the stream 'Try Ballantrae' is a word of wisdom.

WHAN suthern wunds gar spindrift flee
 Abune the clachan, faddums hie,
 Whan for the cluds I canna see
 The bonny lift,
 I'd fain indite an ode to *thee*
 Had I the gift!

Ken ye the coast o' wastland Ayr?
 Oh mon, it's unco bleak and bare!
 Ye daunder here, ye daunder there,
 And mak' your moan,
 They've rain and wund eneuch to tear
 The suthern cone!

Ye're seekin' sport! There's nane ava',
Ye'll sit and glower ahint the wa'
At bleesin' breakers till ye staw,
 If that's yer wush;
'There's aye the Stinchar.' Hoot awa',
 She wunna fush!

She wunna fush at ony gait,
She's roarin' reid in wrathfu' spate;
Maist like yer kimmer when ye're late
 Frae Girvan Fair!
Forbye to speer for leave I'm blate
 For fushin' there!

O Louis, you that writes in Scots,
Ye're far awa' frae stirks and stots,
Wi' drookit hurdies, tails in knots,
 An unco way!
My mirth's like thorns aneth the pots
 In Ballantrae!

Ballade of his Choice of a Sepulchre

HERE I'd come when weariest !
Here the breast
Of the Windburg's¹ tufted over
Deep with bracken ; here his crest
Takes the west,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover ;
In the cover
Deep below, the cushat best
Loves his mate, and croons above her
O'er their nest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Bring me here, life's tired-out guest,
To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover,
Here should failure be confessed ;
Ends my quest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

¹ A hill on the Tevior in Roxburghshire.

SCOTLAND

37

ENVOY

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,

Ah, fulfil a last behest,

Let me rest

Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

III

LOYAL LYRICS AND DEEDS OF MEN

LOYAL LYRICS

White Rose Day

JUNE 10, 1688.

'T WAS a day of faith and flowers
Of honour that could not die,
Of hope that counted the hours,
Of sorrowing loyalty :
And the blackbird sang in the closes,
The blackbird piped in the spring,
For the day of the dawn of the roses,
The dawn of the day of the King.

White roses over the heather,
And down by the Lowland lea,
And far in the faint blue weather,
A white sail guessed on the sea.
But the deep night gathers and closes,
Shall ever a morning bring
The lord of the leal white roses,
The face of the rightful King ?

The Tenth of June, 1715

(Being a Song writ for a lady born on June 10th, the birthday of his
Most Sacred Majesty King James III and VIII.)

DAY of the King and the flower!
And the girl of my heart's delight!
The blackbird sings in the bower,
And the nightingale sings in the night
A song to the roses white.

Day of the flower and the King!
When shall the sails of white
Shine on the seas and bring
In the day, in the dawn, in the night,
The King to his land and his right?

Day of my love and my may,
After the long years' flight,
Born on the King's birthday,
Born for my heart's delight,
With the dawn of the roses white!

Black as the blackbird's wing
Is her hair, and her brow as white
As the white rose blossoming,
And her eyes as the falcon's bright,
And her heart is leal to the right.

When shall the joy bells ring?
When shall the hours unite
The right with the might of my King,
And my heart with my heart's delight—
In the dawn, in the day, in the night?

The Prince's Birthday

ROME. DECEMBER 31, 1721

(A new-born star shone, which is figured on an early medal of Prince Charles.)

A WONDERFUL star shone forth
From the frozen skies of the north
Upon Rome for an old year's night :
And a flower on the dear white rose
Broke, in the season of snows,
To bloom for a day's delight.

Lost is the star in the night,
And the rose of a day's delight
Fled 'where the roses go' :
But the fragrance and light from afar,
Born of the rose and the star,
Breathe over the years and the snow.

*How they Held the Bass for King
James—1691—1693*

Time of Narrating—1743.

YE hae heard Whigs crack o' the Saints in the Bass,
my faith, a gruesome tale;
How the Remnant paid at a tippeny rate, for a quart o'
ha'penny ale!
But I'll tell ye anither tale o' the Bass, that'll hearten ye
up to hear,
Sae I pledge ye to Middleton first in a glass, and a
health to the Young Chevalier!

The Bass stands frae North Berwick Law a league or
less to sea,
About its feet the breakers beat, abune the seamaws flee,
There's castle stark and dungeon dark, wherein the
godly lay,
That made their rant for the Covenant through mony a
weary day.
For twal' years lang the caverns rang wi' preaching,
prayer, and psalm,
Ye'd think the winds were souging wild, when a' the
winds were calm,

There wad they preach, each Saint to each, and glower
as the soldiers pass,

And Peden wared his malison on a bonny leaguer lass,
As she stood and daffed, while the warders laughed, and
wha sae blithe as she,

But a wind o' ill worked his warlock will, and flang her
out to sea.

Then wha sae bright as the Saints that night, and an
angel came, say they,

And sang in the cell where the Righteous dwell, but he
took na a Saint away.

There yet might they be, for nane could flee, and nane
daur'd break the jail,

And still the sobbing o' the sea might mix wi' their
warlock wail ;

But then came in black echty-echt, and bluidy echty-
nine,

Wi' Cess, and Press, and Presbytery, and a' the dule sin'
syne ;

The Saints won free wi' the power o' the key, and
Cavaliers maun pine !

It was Halyburton, Middleton, and Roy and young
Dunbar,

That Livingstone took on Cromdale Haughs, in the last
fight of the war :

And they were warded in the Bass, till the time they
should be slain,

Where bluidy Mitchell, and Blackader, and Earlston
lang had lain ;
Four lads alone, 'gainst a garrison, but glory crowns
their names,
For they brought it to pass that they took the Bass, and
they held it for King James !

It isna by preaching half the night, ye'll burst a dungeon
door ;
It wasna by dint o' psalmody they broke the hold—they
four ;
For lang years three that rock in the sea bade Wullie
Wanbeard¹ gae swing,
And England and Scotland fause may be, but the Bass
Rock stands for the King !

There's but ae pass gangs up the Bass, it's guarded wi'
strong gates four,
And still as the soldiers went to the sea, they steikit
them, door by door,
And this did they do when they helped a crew that
brought their coals on shore.
Thither all had gone, save three men alone: then
Middleton gripped his man,
Halyburton felled the sergeant lad, Dunbar seized the
gunner, Swan ;

¹ William III.

Roy bound their hands, in hempen bands, and the
Cavaliers were free.

And they trained the guns on the soldier loons that were
down wi' the boat by the sea!

Then Middleton cried frae the high cliff-side, and his
voice garr'd the auld rocks ring,

'Will ye stand or flee by the land or sea, for I hold the
Bass for the King?'

They had nae desire to face the fire; it was mair than
men might do,

So they e'en sailed back in the auld coal-smack, a sorry
and shame-faced crew,

And they hirpled down to Edinburgh toun, wi' the story
of their shames,

How the prisoners bold had broken hold, and kept the
Bass for King James.

King James he has sent them guns and men, and the
Whigs they guard the Bass,

But they never could catch the Cavaliers, who took toll
of ships that pass;

They fared wild and free as the birds o' the sea, and at
night they went on the wing,

And they lifted the kye o' Whigs far and nigh, and they
revelled and drank to the King.

Then Wullie Wanbeard sends his ships to siege the Bass
in form,
And first shall they break the fortress down, and syne
the rock they'll storm.
After twa days' fight they fled in the night, and glad
eneuch to go,
With their rigging rent, and their powder spent, and
many a man laid low.

So for lang years three did they sweep the sea, but a
closer watch was set,
Till nae food had they, but twa ounce a day o' meal was
the maist they'd get.
And men fight but tame on an empty wame, so they sent
a flag o' truce,
And blithe were the Privy Council then, when the
Whigs had heard that news.
Twa Lords they sent wi' a strang intent to be dour on
each Cavalier,
But wi' French cakes fine, and his last drap o' wine, did
Middleton make them cheer.

On the muzzles o' guns he put coats and caps, and he
set them about the wa's,
And the Whigs thocht then he had food and men to
stand for the Rightfu' Cause.
So he got a' he craved, and his men were saved, and
nane might say them nay,

Wi' sword by side, and flag o' pride, free men might
they gang their way,
They might fare to France, they might bide at hame,
and the better their grace to buy,
Wullie Wanbeard's purse maun pay the keep o' the men
that did him defy!

Men never hae gotten sic terms o' peace since first men
went to war,
As got Halyburton, and Middleton, and Roy, and the
young Dunbar.
Sae I drink to ye here, *To the Young Chevalier!* I hae said
ye an auld man's say,
And there may hae been mightier deeds of arms, but
there never was nane sae gay!

Kenmure

1715

‘ **T**HE heather’s in a blaze, Willie,
The White Rose decks the tree,
The Fiery Cross is on the braes,
And the King is on the sea!

‘ Remember great Montrose, Willie,
Remember fair Dundee,
And strike one stroke at the foreign foes
Of the King that’s on the sea.

‘ There’s Gordons in the north, Willie,
Are rising frank and free,
Shall a Kenmure Gordon not go forth
For the King that’s on the sea?

‘ A trusty sword to draw, Willie,
A comely weird to dree,
For the royal rose that’s like the snaw,
And the King that’s on the sea!’

He cast ae look across his lands,
Looked over loch and lea,
He took his fortune in his hands,
For the King was on the sea.

Kenmures have fought in Galloway
For Kirk and Presbyt'rie,
This Kenmure faced his dying day,
For King James across the sea.

It little skills what faith men vaunt,
If loyal men they be
To Christ's ain Kirk and Covenant,
Or the King that's o'er the sea.

Culloden

DARK, dark was the day when we looked on
Culloden

And chill was the mist drop that clung to the tree,
The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden,
No light on the land and no wind on the sea.

There was wind, there was rain, there was fire on their
faces,

When the clans broke the bayonets and died on the
guns,

And 'tis Honour that watches the desolate places

Where they sleep through the change of the snows
and the suns.

Unfed and unmarshalled, outworn and outnumbered,

All hopeless and fearless, as fiercely they fought,

As when Falkirk with heaps of the fallen was cumbered,

As when Gledsmuir was red with the havoc they
wrought.

*Ah, woe worth you, Sleat, and the faith that you vowed,
Ah, woe worth you, Lovat, Traquair, and Mackay ;
And woe on the false fairy flag of Macleod,
And the fat squires who drank, but who dared not to die !*

Where the graves of Clan Chattan are clustered together,
Where Macgillavray died by the Well of the Dead,
We stooped to the moorland and plucked the pale heather
That blooms where the hope of the Stuart was sped.

And a whisper awoke on the wilderness, sighing,
Like the voice of the heroes who battled in vain ;
' Not for Tearlach alone the red claymore was plying,
But to bring back the old life that comes not again.'

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond

1746

THERE'S an ending o' the dance, and fair Morag's
safe in France,
And the Clans they hae paid the lawing,
And the wuddy¹ has her ain, and we twa are left alane,
Free o' Carlisle gaol in the dawing.

So ye'll tak the high road, and I'll tak the laigh
road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye:
But me and my true love will never meet again,
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

For my love's heart brake in twa, when she kenned the
Cause's fa',
And she sleeps where there's never nane shall waken,
Where the glen lies a' in wrack, wi' the houses toom
and black,
And her father's ha's forsaken.

¹ A euphemism for the hangman's rope or the gallows.

While there's heather on the hill shall my vengeance
ne'er be still,

While a bush hides the glint o' a gun, lad ;

Wi' the men o' Sergeant Môr shall I work to pay the
score,

Till I wither on the wuddy in the sun, lad !

So ye'll tak the high road, and I'll tak the laigh
road,

An' I'll be in Scotland before ye :

But me and my true love will never meet again,

By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Lone Places of the Deer

LONE places of the deer,
 Corrie, and Loch, and Ben,
 Fount that wells in the cave,
 Voice of the burn and the wave,
 Softly you sing and clear
 Of Charlie and his men.

Here has he lurked, and here
 The heather has been his bed,
 The wastes of the islands knew,
 And the Highland hearts were true
 To the bonny, the brave, the dear,
 The royal, the hunted head.

Red and White Roses.

RED roses under the sun
For the King who is lord of land ;
But he dies when his day is done,
For his memory careth none
 When the glass runs empty of sand.

White roses under the moon
 For the King without lands to give ;
But he reigns with the rose in June,
With the rose and the blackbird's tune,
 And he lives while Faith shall live.

Red roses for beef and beer ;
 Red roses for wine and gold ;
But *they* drank of the water clear,
In exile and sorry cheer,
 To the kings of our sires of old.

Red roses for wealth and might ;
 White roses for hopes that flee ;
And the dreams of the day and the night,
For the lord of our heart's delight—
 For the King that is o'er the sea.

Three Portraits of Prince Charles

1731

BEAUTIFUL face of a child,
Lighted with laughter and glee,
Mirthful and tender and wild,
My heart is heavy for thee!

1744

Beautiful face of a youth,
As an eagle poised to fly forth,
To the old land loyal of truth,
To the hills and the sounds of the north:
Fair face, daring and proud,
Lo! the shadow of doom, even now,
The fate of thy line, like a cloud,
Rests on the grace of thy brow!

1773

Cruel and angry face!
Hateful and heavy with wine,
Where are the gladness, the grace,
The beauty, the mirth that were thine?

Ah, my Prince, it were well—
 Hadst thou to the gods been dear—
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,
 With the war-pipe loud in thine ear!
To have died with never a stain
 On the fair White Rose of renown,
To have fallen, fighting in vain,
 For thy father, thy faith, and thy crown!
More than thy marble pile,
 With its women weeping for thee,
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,
 To the endless dirge of the sea!
But the fates deemed otherwise,
 Far thou sleepest from home,
From the tears of the northern skies,
 In the secular dust of Rome.

A city of death and the dead,
 But thither a pilgrim¹ came,
Wearing on weary head
 The crowns of years and fame:
Little the Lucrine lake
 Or Tivoli said to him,
Scarce did the memories wake
 Of the far-off years and dim.

¹ The 'pilgrim' was, of course, Sir Walter Scott.

For he stood by Avernus' shore,
But he dreamed of a northern glen
And he murmured, over and o'er,
 'For Charlie and his men':
And his feet, to death that went,
 Crept forth to St. Peter's shrine,
And the latest minstrel bent
 O'er the last of the Stuart line.

An Old Song

1750.

O H, it's hame, hame, hame,
And it's hame I wadna be,
Till the Lord calls King James
To his ain countrie ;
Bids the wind blaw frae France,
Till the Firth keps the faem,
And Loch Garry and Lochiel
Bring Prince Charlie hame.

May the lads Prince Charlie led
That were hard on Willie's track,
When frae Laffen ¹ field he fled,
Wi' the claymore at his back ;
May they stand on Scottish soil
When the White Rose bears the gree,
And the Lord calls the King
To his ain countrie !

¹ One verse and the refrain are of 1750 or thereabouts. At Laffen, where William, Duke of Cumberland, was defeated and nearly captured by the Scots and Irish in the French service, Prince Charles is said to have served as a volunteer.

Bid the seas arise and stand
Like walls on ilka side,
Till our Highland lad pass through
With Jehovah for his guide.
Dry up the river Forth,
As Thou didst the Red Sea,
When Israel cam hame
To his ain countrie.

Jacobite 'Auld Lang Syne'

S H A L L ancient freedom be forgot
And the auld Stuart line?
Shall ancient freedom be forgot
And Auld Lang Syne?
Though now we take King Louis' fee
And drink King Louis' wine,
We'll bring the King frae o'er the sea
For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae waded deep in blood,
And broke the red-coat line,
And forded Eden white in flood
For Auld Lang Syne.
And we hae fought the English coofs
Frae Garry to the Rhine,
Frae Gledsmuir to the field o' Val
In Auld Lang Syne.

The Butcher wi' the deil shall drink,
And wi' the deevil dine,
But Charles shall dine in Holyrood
For Auld Lang Syne.
For He wha did proud Pharaoh crush
And save auld Jacob's line,
Shall speak wi' Charlie in the Bush
Like Moses, lang syne.

The Last of the Leal

HERE'S a health to every man
Bore the brunt of wind and weather ;
Winnowed sore by fortune's fan,
Faded faith of chief and clan :
Nairne and Caryl stand together ;
Here's a health to every man
Bore the brunt of wind and weather !

Oh, round Charlie many ran,
When his foot was on the heather,
When his sword shone in the van.
Now, at ending of his span,
Gask and Caryl stand together !

Ne'er a hope from plot or plan,
Ne'er a hope from rose or heather ;
Ay, the King's a broken man ;
Few will bless, and most will ban.
Nairne and Caryl stand together !

Help is none from Crown or clan,
 France is false—a fluttered feather ;
But Kings are not made by man,
Till God end what God began,
 Nairne and Caryl stand together,
 Gask and Caryl stand together ;
Here's a health to every man
 Bore the brunt of wind and weather !

NOTE TO 'A SCOT TO JEANNE D'ARC'

Jeanne d'Arc is said to have led a Scottish force at Lagny, when she defeated the Burgundian, Franquet d'Arras. A Scottish artist painted her banner; he was a James Polwarth, or Power or a Hume of Polwarth, according to a conjecture of Mr. Hill Burton's. A monk of Dunfermline, who continued Fordun's Chronicle, avers that he was with the Maiden in her campaigns, and at her martyrdom. He calls her *Puella a spiritu sancto excitata*. Unluckily his manuscript breaks off in the middle of a sentence. At her trial, Jeanne said that she had only once seen her own portrait: it was in the hands of a Scottish archer. The story of the white dove which passed from her lips as they opened to her last cry of *Jesus!* was reported at the trial for her Rehabilitation (1450-56).

Two archers of the name of Lang, Lain or Laing were in the French service about 1507.

See the book on the Scottish Guard by Father Forbes Leith.

A Scot to Jeanne d'Arc

DARK Lily without blame,
 Not upon us the shame,
 Whose sires were to the Auld Alliance true;
 They, by the Maiden's side,
 Victorious fought and died,
 One stood by thee that fiery torment through,
 Till the White Dove from thy pure lips had passed,
 And thou wert with thine own St. Catherine at the last.

Once only didst thou see,
 In artist's imagery,
 Thine own face painted, and that precious thing
 Was in an Archer's hand
 From the leal northern land.
 Alas, what price would not thy people bring
 To win that portrait of the ruinous
 Gulf of devouring years that hide the Maid from us!

Born of a lowly line,
 Noteless as once was thine,
 One of that name I would were kin to me,
 Who, in the Scottish Guard
 Won this for his reward,
 To fight for France, and memory of thee:
 Not upon us, dark Lily without blame,
 Not on the north may fall the shadow of that shame.

On France and England both
 The shame of broken troth,
 Of coward hate and treason black must be;
 If England slew thee, France
 Sent not one word, one lance,
 One coin to rescue or to ransom thee.
 And still thy Church unto the Maid denies
 The halo and the palms, the Beatific prize.¹

¹ Since these lines were written, the Maid has been canonized.

But yet thy people calls
Within the rescued walls
Of Orleans ; and makes its prayer to thee ;
What though the Church hath chidden
These orisons forbidden,
Yet art thou with this earth's immortal Three,
With him in Athens, that of hemlock died,
And with thy Master dear whom the world crucified.

LOYAL LYRICS

Jeanne d'Arc

THE honour of a loyal boy,
The courage of a paladin,
With maiden's mirth, the soul of joy,
These dwelt her happy breast within.
From shame, from doubt, from fear, from sin,
As God's own angels was she free ;
Old worlds shall end and new begin
To be,

Ere any come like her who fought
For France, for freedom, for the King ;
Who counsel of redemption brought
Whence even the armed Archangel's wing
Might weary sore in voyaging ;
Who heard her Voices cry ' Be free ! '
Such Maid no later human spring
Shall see !

Saints Michael, Catherine, Margaret,
Who sowed the seed that thou must reap,
If eyes of angels may be wet,
And if the Saints have léave to weep,
In Paradise one pain they keep,
Maiden ! one mortal memory,
One sorrow that can never sleep,
For thee !

How the Maid marched from Blois

(Supposed to be narrated by James Power, or Polwarth,
her Scottish banner-painter.)

THE Maiden called for her great destrier,
But he lashed like a fiend when the Maid drew near :
‘Lead him forth to the Cross!’ she cried, and he stood
Like a steed of bronze by the Holy Rood!

Then I saw the Maiden mount and ride,
With a good steel sperthe that swung by her side,
And girt with the sword of the Heavenly Bride,
That is sained with crosses five for a sign,
The mystical sword of St. Catherine.
And the lily banner was blowing wide,
With the flowers of France on the field of fame,
And, blent with the blossoms, the Holy Name!
And the Maiden’s bearings were shown on a shield,
Argent, a dove, on an azure field;
That banner was wrought by his hand, ye see,
For the love of the Maid and chivalry.

Her banner was borne by a page of grace,
With hair of gold, and a lady's face ;
And behind it the ranks of her men were dressed—
Never a man but was clean confessed,
Jackman and archer, lord and knight,
Their souls were clean and their hearts were light :
There was never an oath, there was never a laugh,
And La Hire swore soft by his leading staff !
Had we died in that hour we had won the skies,
And the Maiden had marched us through Paradise !

A moment she turned to the people there,
Who had come to gaze on the Maiden fair ;
A moment she glanced at the ring she wore,
She murmured the Holy Name it bore,
Then, ' For France and the King, good people pray ! '
She spoke, and she cried to us, '*On and away !*'
And the shouts broke forth, and the flowers rained down,
And the Maiden led us to Orleans town.

•

DEEDS OF MEN

Seekers for a City

‘Believe me, if that blissful, that beautiful place, were set on a hill visible to all the world, I should long ago have journeyed thither . . . But the number and variety of the ways! For you know, *There is but one road that leads to Corinth.*’—HERMOTIMUS (Mr. Pater’s Version).

‘The Poet says *dear city of Cecrops*, and wilt thou not say, *dear city of Zeus?*’—M. ANTONINUS.

*T*O *Corinth leads one road*, you say :
Is there a Corinth, or a way?
Each bland or blatant preacher hath
His painful or his primrose path,
And not a soul of all of these
But knows the city ’twixt the seas,
Her fair unnumbered homes and all
Her gleaming amethystine wall!

Blind are the guides who know the way,
The guides who write, and preach, and pray;
I watch their lives, and I divine
They differ not from yours and mine!
One man we knew, and only one,
Whose seeking for a city’s done,
For what he greatly sought he found,
A city girt with fire around,

A city in an empty land
Between the wastes of sky and sand,
A city on a river-side,
Where by the folk he loved, he died.¹

Alas! it is not ours to tread
That path wherein his life he led,
Not ours his heart to dare and feel,
Keen as the fragrant Syrian steel;
Yet are we not quite city-less,
Not wholly left in our distress—
Is it not said by One of old,
Sheep have I of another fold?
Ah! faint of heart, and weak of will,
For us there is a city still!

*Dear city of Zeus, the Stoic says,²
The Voice from Rome's imperial days,
In Thee meet all things, and disperse,
In Thee, for Thee, O Universe!
To me all's fruit thy seasons bring,
Alike thy summer and thy spring;
The winds that wail, the suns that burn,
From Thee proceed, to Thee return.*

¹ January 26, 1885.

² M. Antoninus, iv. 23.

Dear city of Zeus, shall *we* not say,
Home to which none can lose the way?
Born in that city's flaming bound,
We do not find her, but are found.
Within her wide and viewless wall
The Universe is girdled all.
All joys and pains, all wealth and dearth,
All things that travail on the earth,
God's will they work, if God there be,
If not, what is my life to me?

Seek we no further, but abide
Within this city great and wide.
In her and for her living, we
Have no less joy than to be free;
Nor death nor grief can quite appal
The folk that dwell within her wall,
Nor aught but with our will befall!

The White Pacha

VAIN is the dream! However hope may rave,
He perished with the folk he could not save;
And though none surely told us he is dead,
And though perchance another in his stead—
Another, not less brave, when all was done,
Had fled unto the southward and the sun,
Had urged a way by force, or won by guile
To streams remotest of the secret Nile,
Had raised an army of the desert men,
And, waiting for his hour, had turned again
And fallen on that False Prophet, yet we know
GORDON is dead, and these things are not so!
Nay, not for England's cause, nor to restore
Her trampled flag—for he loved honour more—
Nay, not for life, revenge, or victory,
Would he have fled, whose hour had dawned to die.
He will not come again, whate'er our need;
He will not come, who is happy, being freed
From the deathly flesh and perishable things,
And lies of statesmen and rewards of kings.

Nay, somewhere by the Sacred River's shore
He sleeps like those who shall return no more,
No more return for all the prayers of men—
Arthur and Charles—they never come again!
They shall not wake, though fair the vision seem,
Whate'er sick hope may whisper, vain the dream!

Midnight, January 25, 1886

TO-MORROW is a year since Gordon died !
A year ago to-night, the desert still
Crouched on the spring, and panted for its fill
Of lust and blood. Their old art statesmen plied,
And paltered, and evaded, and denied ;
Guiltless as yet, except for feeble will,
And craven heart, and calculated skill
In long delays, of their great homicide.

A year ago to-night 'twas not too late.

The thought comes through our mirth—again, again ;
Methinks I hear the halting foot of fate
Approaching and approaching us ; and then
Comes cackle of the House, and the debate !
Enough ; he is forgotten amongst men.

England

‘We are rather disposed to laugh when poets or orators try to conjure with the name of England.’—PROFESSOR SEELEY.

WHEN Nelson’s sudden signal came
Men’s hearts leaped up the word to hail:
Not vainly with his England’s name
He ‘conjured’, but to some avail!
When o’er the *Birkenhead* her fate
Closed, and our men arose to die,
The name of England yet was great,
And yet upheld their hearts on high.

For England’s honour Gordon chose,
When England would not guard her own,
Serene amidst a world of foes,
Alone to live, to die alone.
But that great name, to Milton dear,
Of England’s ocean-circled isle,
The voters greet it with a jeer,
The witling sniffs it with a smile.

Well, if indeed that name no more
Must, like a trumpet, stir the blood;
Of all our fathers wrought and bore
For England, on the field and flood;
If naught endures, if all must pass,
Then speed the hour when we shall be,
Unmoved, unshamed beneath the grass,
Deaf to the mountains and the sea!

Deaf to the voices Wordsworth heard
Reverberant from height and deep;
Dull to the sights and sounds that stirred
Our fathers; heedless and asleep.
For so, at least, we shall nor hear
The noises from the Meetings borne,
Where England's children, with a sneer,
Hail 'England' as a word of scorn.

Advance, Australia

ON THE OFFER OF HELP FROM THE AUSTRALIANS
AFTER THE FALL OF KHARTOUM.

SONS of the giant ocean isle,
In sport our friendly foes for long,
Well England loves you, and we smile
When you outmatch us many a while,
So fleet you are, so keen and strong.

You, like that fairy people set
Of old in their enchanted sea
Far off from men, might well forget
An elder nation's toil and fret,
Might heed not aught but game and glee.

But what your fathers were—you are
In lands the fathers never knew,
'Neath skies of alien sign and star
You rally to the English war;
Your hearts are English, kind and true.

And now, when first on England falls
The shadow of a darkening fate,
You hear the Mother ere she calls,
You leave your ocean-girdled walls,
And face her foemen in the gate.

Colonel Burnaby

σὺ δ' ἐν στροφάλλιγγι κονίης
 κείσο μέγας μεγαλωστί, λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων.

THOU that on every field of earth and sky
 Didst hunt for death, who seemed to flee and fear—
 How great and greatly fallen dost thou lie
 Slain in the desert by some wandering spear :
 ‘Not here, alas !’ may England say, ‘not here,
 Nor in this quarrel was it meet to die,
 But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh
 To thunder through the Afghan passes sheer,

Like Aias by the ships shouldst thou have stood,
 And in some glen have stayed the stream of flight,
 The bulwark of thy people and their shield,
 When Indus or when Helmund ran with blood ;
 Till back into the northland and the night
 The smitten eagle scattered from the field.’

Melville and Coghill

(THE PLACE OF THE LITTLE HAND)

DEAD, with their eyes to the foe ;
Dead, with the foe at their feet,
Under the sky laid low
Truly their slumber is sweet,
Though the wind from the Camp of the Slain Men blow,
And the rain on the wilderness beat.

Dead, for they chose to die
When that wild race was run ;
Dead, for they would not fly,
Deeming their work undone,
Nor cared to look on the face of the sky,
Nor loved the light of the sun.

Honour we give them and tears,
And the flag they died to save,
Rent from the rain of the spears,
Wet from the war and the wave,
Shall waft men's thoughts through the dust of the years,
Back to their lonely grave !

To Colonel Ian Hamilton

TO you, who know the face of war,
You, that for England wander far,
You, that have seen the Ghazis fly
From English lads not sworn to die ;
You, that have lain where, deadly chill,
The mist crept o'er the Shameful Hill ;
You that have conquered, mile by mile,
The currents of unfriendly Nile,
And cheered the march, and eased the strain
When politics made valour vain,
Ian, to you, from banks of Ken,
We send our lays of Englishmen !

IV

HESPEROTHEN

By the example of certain Grecian mariners, who, being safely returned from the war about Troy, leave yet again their own lands and gods, seeking they know not what, and choosing neither to abide in the fair Phæacian island, nor to dwell and die with the Sirens, at length end miserably in a desert country by the sea, is set forth the *Vanity of Melancholy*. And by the land of Phæacia is to be understood the place of Art and of fair Pleasures ; and by Circe's Isle, the places of bodily delights, whereof men, falling aweary, attain to Eld, and to the darkness of that age. Which thing Master François Rabelais feigned, under the similitude of the Isle of the Macraones.

The Seekers for Phæacia

THERE is a land in the remotest day,
Where the soft night is born, and sunset dies ;
The eastern shores see faint tides fade away,
That wash the lands where laughter, tears, and sighs,
Make life—the lands beneath the blue of common skies.

But in the west is a mysterious sea,
(What sails have seen it, or what shipmen known ?)
With coasts enchanted where the Sirens be,
With islands where a goddess walks alone,
And in the cedar trees the magic winds make moan.

Eastward the human cares of house and home,
Cities, and ships, and unknown gods, and loves ;
Westward, strange maidens fairer than the foam,
And lawless lives of men, and haunted groves,
Wherein a god may dwell, and where the dryad roves.

The gods are careless of the days and death
Of toilsome men, beyond the western seas ;
The gods are heedless of their painful breath,
And love them not, for they are not as these ;
But in the golden west they live and lie at ease.

Yet the Phæacians well they love, who live
At the light's limit, passing careless hours,
Most like the gods; and they have gifts to give,
Even wine, and fountains musical, and flowers,
And song, and if they will, swift ships, and magic powers.

It is a quiet midland; in the cool
Of twilight comes the god, though no man prayed,
To watch the maids and young men beautiful
Dance, and they see him, and are not afraid,
For they are near of kin to gods, and undismayed.

Ah, would the bright red prows might bring us nigh
The dreamy isles that the immortals keep!
But with a mist they hide them wondrously,
And far the path and dim to where they sleep—
The loved, the shadowy lands along the shadowy deep.

A Song of Phæacia

THE languid sunset, mother of roses,
Lingers, a light on the magic seas;
The wide fire flames, as a flower uncloses,
Heavy with odour, and loose to the breeze

The red rose clouds, without law or leader,
Gather and float in the airy plain;
The nightingale sings to the dewy cedar,
The cedar scatters his scent to the main.

The strange flowers' perfume turns to singing,
Heard afar over moonlit seas;
The Sirens' song, grown faint in winging,
Falls in scent on the cedar trees.

As waifs blown out of the sunset, flying,
Purple, and rosy, and gray, the birds
Brighten the air with their wings; their crying
Wakens a moment the weary herds.

Butterflies flit from the fairy garden,
Living blossoms of flying flowers;
Never the nights with winter harden,
Nor moons wax keen in this land of ours.

HESPEROTHEN

Great fruits, fragrant, green and golden,
Gleam in the green, and droop and fall;
Blossom, and bud, and flower unfolden,
Swing, and cling to the garden wall.

Deep in the woods as twilight darkens,
Glades are red with the scented fire;
Far in the dells the white maid hearkens,
Song and sigh of the heart's desire.

Ah! and as moonlight fades in morning,
Maiden's song in the matin gray,
Faints as the first bird's note, a warning,
Wakes and wails to the new-born day.

The waking song and the dying measure
Meet, and the waxing and waning light
Meet, and faint with the hours of pleasure,
The rose of the sea and the sky is white.

The Departure from Phæacia

THE PHÆACIANS

W H Y from the dreamy meadows,
More fair than any dream,
Why will you seek the shadows
Beyond the ocean stream?

Through straits of storm and peril,
Through firths unsailed before,
Why make you for the sterile,
The dark Kimmerian shore?

There no bright streams are flowing,
There day and night are one,
No harvest time, no sowing,
No sight of any sun ;

No sound of song or tabor,
No dance shall greet you there ;
No noise of mortal labour,
Breaks on the blind chill air.

Are ours not happy places,
Where gods with mortals trod ?
Saw not our sires the faces
Of many a present god ?

THE SEEKERS

NAY, now no god comes hither,
In shape that men may see ;
They fare we know not whither,
We know not what they be.

Yea, though the sunset lingers
Far in your fairy glades,
Though yours the sweetest singers,
Though yours the kindest maids,

Yet here be the true shadows,
Here in the doubtful light ;
Amid the dreamy meadows
No shadow haunts the night.

We seek a city splendid,
With light beyond the sun ;
Or lands where dreams are ended,
And works and days are done.

*A Ballade of Departure*¹

F AIR white bird, what song art thou singing
In wintry weather of lands o'er sea?
Dear white bird, what way art thou winging,
Where no grass grows, and no green tree?

I looked at the far-off fields and gray,
There grew no tree but the cypress tree,
That bears sad fruits with the flowers of May,
And whoso looks on it, woe is he.

And whoso eats of the fruit thereof
Has no more sorrow, and no more love;
And who sets the same in his garden stead,
In a little space he is waste and dead.

¹ From the Romaic.

They Hear the Sirens for the Second Time

THE weary sails a moment slept,
The oars were silent for a space,
As past Hesperian shores we swept,
That were as a remembered face
Seen after lapse of hopeless years,
In Hades, when the shadows meet,
Dim through the mist of many tears,
And strange, and though a shadow, sweet.

So seemed the half-remembered shore,
That slumbered, mirrored in the blue,
With havens where we touched of yore,
And ports that over well we knew.
Then broke the calm before a breeze
That sought the secret of the west;
And listless all we swept the seas
Towards the Islands of the Blest.

Beside a golden sanded bay
We saw the Sirens ; very fair
The flowery hill whereon they lay,
The flowers set upon their hair.
Their old sweet song came down the wind,
Remembered music waxing strong,
Ah, now no need of cords to bind,
No need had we of Orphic song.

It once had seemed a little thing,
To lay our lives down at their feet,
That dying we might hear them sing,
And dying see their faces sweet ;
But now, we glanced and, passing by,
No care had we to tarry long ;
Faint hope, and rest, and memory
Were more than any Siren's song.

Circe's Isle Revisited

AH, Circe, Circe! in the wood we cried;
Ah, Circe, Circe! but no voice replied;
No voice from bowers o'ergrown and ruinous
As fallen rocks upon the mountain side.

There was no sound of singing in the air;
Faded or fled the maidens that were fair,
No more for sorrow or joy were seen of us,
No light of laughing eyes, or floating hair.

The perfume, and the music, and the flame
Had passed away; the memory of shame
Alone abode, and stings of faint desire,
And pulses of vague quiet went and came.

Ah, Circe! in thy sad changed fairy place,
Our dead Youth came and looked on us a space,
With drooping wings, and eyes of faded fire,
And wasted hair about a weary face.

Why had we ever sought the magic isle
That seemed so happy in the days erewhile?

Why did we ever leave it, where we met
A world of happy wonders in one smile?

Back to the westward and the waning light
We turned, we fled; the solitude of night

Was better than the infinite regret,
In fallen places of our dead delight.

The Limit of Lands

BETWEEN the circling ocean sea
And the poplars of Persephone
There lies a strip of barren sand,
Flecked with the sea's last spray, and strown
With waste leaves of the poplars, blown
From gardens of the shadow land.

With altars of old sacrifice
The shore is set, in mournful wise
The mists upon the ocean brood ;
Between the water and the air
The clouds are born that float and fare
Between the water and the wood.

Upon the gray sea never sail
Of mortals passed within our hail,
Where the last weak waves faint and flow ;
We heard within the poplar pale
The murmur of a doubtful wail
Of voices loved so long ago.

H E S P E R O T H E N

We scarce had care to die or live,
We had no honey cake to give,
 No wine of sacrifice to shed ;
There lies no new path over sea,
And now we know how faint they be,
 The feasts and voices of the dead.

Ah, flowers and dance ! ah, sun and snow !
Glad life, sad life we did forgo
 To dream of quietness and rest ;
Ah, would the fleet sweet roses here
Poured light and perfume through the drear
 Pale year, and wan land of the west.

Sad youth, that let the spring go by
Because the spring is swift to fly,
 Sad youth, that feared to mourn or love ;
Behold how sadder far is this,
To know that rest is nowise bliss,
 And darkness is the end thereof.

V

BOOKS

To the Gentle Reader

‘A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions—men, women, and books.’—SIR JOHN DAVYS.

THREE kinds of companions—men, women, and books,

Were enough, said the elderly sage, for his ends.
And the women we deem that he chose for their looks,
And the men for their cellars: the books were his friends:
‘Man delights me not’, often, ‘nor woman’, but books
Are the best of good comrades in loneliest nooks.

For man will be wrangling—for woman will fret
About anything infinitesimal small:
Like the sage in our Plato, I’m ‘anxious to get
On the side’—on the sunnier side—‘of a wall’.
Let the wind of the world toss the nations like rooks,
If only you’ll leave me at peace with my books!

And which are my books? why, ’tis much as you please,
For, given ’tis a book, it can hardly be wrong,
And Bradshaw himself I can study with ease,
Though for choice I might call for a sermon or song;
And Locker on London, and Sala on cooks,
‘Tom Brown’, and Plotinus, they’re all of them books.

There's Fielding to lap one in currents of mirth ;
 There's Herrick to sing of a flower or a fay ;
 Or good Maître François to bring one to earth,
 If Shelley or Coleridge have snatched one away :
 There's Müller on speech, there is Gurney on spooks,
 There is Tylor on totems, there's all sorts of books.

There's roaming in regions where every one's been,
 Encounters where no one was ever before,
 There's 'Leaves' from the Highlands we owe to the
 Queen,
 There's Holly's and Leo's adventures in Kôr :
 There's Tanner who dwelt with Pawnees and Chinooks,
 You can cover a great deal of country in books.

There are books, highly thought of, that nobody reads,
 There is Geusius' dearly delectable tome
 Of the Cannibal—he on his neighbour who feeds—
 And in blood-red morocco 'tis bound, by Derome ;
 There's Montaigne here (a Foppens), there's Roberts¹
 (on flukes),
 There's Elzevirs, Aldines, and Gryphius' books.

¹ Of billiard fame.

There's Bunyan, there's Walton, in early editions,
There's many a quarto uncommonly rare ;
There's quaint old Quevedo adream with his visions,
There's Johnson the portly, and Burton the spare ;
There's Boston of Ettrick, who preached of the ' crooks
In the lots ' of us mortals, who bargain for books.

There's Ruskin to keep one exclaiming ' What next ? '
There's Browning to puzzle, and Gilbert to chaff,
And Marcus Aurelius to soothe one if vexed,
And good MARCUS TVAINUS to lend you a laugh ;
There be capital tomes that are filled with fly-hooks,
And I've frequently found them the best kind of Books.

Ballade of the Book-hunter

IN torrid heats of late July,
In March, beneath the bitter *lise*,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly—
He book-hunts, though December freeze ;
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees ;
There soiled romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies.
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
For him is charged with hopes and fears ;
In mouldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto evermore is—*spes* !
But ah ! the fabled treasure flees ;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their case—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs !

ENVOY

Prince, all the things that tease and please—
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears—
What are they but such toys as these—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs ?

Ballade of the Bookman's Paradise

THERE is a Heaven, or here, or there
A Heaven there is, for me and you,
Where bargains meet for purses spare
Like ours, are not so far and few.
Thuanus' bees go humming through
The learnèd groves, 'neath rainless skies,
O'er volumes old and volumes new,
Within that Bookman's Paradise.

There, treasures bound for Longepierre
Keep brilliant their morocco blue,
There Hooke's *Amanda* is not rare,
Nor early tracts upon Peru!
Racine is common as Rotrou,
No Shakespeare quarto search defies,
And Caxtons grow as blossoms grow,
Within that Bookman's Paradise.

There's Eve—not our first mother fair—
But Clovis Eve, a binder true;
Thither does Bauzonnet repair,
Derome, Le Gascon, Padeloup!
But never come the cropping crew
That dock a volume's honest size,
Nor they that 'letter' backs askew,
 Within that Bookman's Paradise.

ENVOY

Friend, do not Heber and de Thou,
And Scott, and Southey, kind and wise,
La chasse au bouquin still pursue
 Within that Bookman's Paradise.

To F. L.-L.

[Frederick Locker-Lampson]

I MIND that Forest Shepherd's saw,
For, when men preached of Heaven, quoth he—
'It's a' that 's bricht, and a' that 's braw,
But Bourhope's guid eneuch for me!'

Beneath the green deep-bosomed hills
That guard Saint Mary's Loch it lies;
The silence of the pastures fills
That shepherd's homely paradise.

Enough for him his mountain lake,
His glen the burn went singing through;
And Rowfant, when the thrushes wake,
May well seem good enough for you.

For all is old, and tried, and dear,
And all is fair; and round about
The brook that murmurs from the mere
Is dimpled with the rising trout.

But when the skies of shorter days
Are dark and all the ways are mire,
How bright upon your books the blaze
Gleams from the cheerful study fire.

On quartos where our fathers read,
 Enthralled, the book of Shakespeare's play ;
On all that Poe could dream of dread,
 And all that Herrick sang of gay !

Fair first editions, duly prized,
 Above them all, methinks, I rate
The tome where Walton's hand revised
 His wonderful receipts for bait !

Happy, who rich in toys like these
 Forgets a weary nation's ills ;
Who from his study window sees
 The circle of the Sussex hills !

The Rowfant Books

BALLADE EN GUISE DE RONDEAU

THE Rowfant books, how fair they show,
The quarto quaint, the Aldine tall,
Print, autograph, portfolio!

Back from the outer air they call
The athletes from the tennis ball,
This rhymers from his rod and hooks;
Would I could sing them one and all,
The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! In sun and snow
They're dear, but most when tempests fall;
The folio towers above the row
As once, o'er minor prophets—Saul!
What jolly jest books and what small
'Dear dumpy twelves' to fill the nooks.
You do not find on every stall
The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books ! These long ago
Were chained within some college hall ;
These manuscripts retain the glow
Of many a coloured capital ;
While yet the Satires keep their gall,
While the Pastissier puzzles cooks,
Theirs is a joy that does not pall,
The Rowfant books !

ENVOY

The Rowfant books—ah magical
As famed Armida's 'golden looks',
They hold the rhymer for their thrall—
The Rowfant books.

*Verses inscribed in the Supplement to the
Rowfant Catalogue*

1902

HOW often to the worthy sire
Succeeds the unworthy son !
Extinguished is the ancient fire,
Books were the idol of the squire,
The graceless heir has none.

To Sotheby's go old and new,
Bindings and prose and rhymes,
With Shakespeare as with Padeloup
The sporting lord has naught to do—
He reads the Sporting Times.

Behold a special act of grace ;
On Rowfants' shelves behold
The well-loved volumes keep their place
And new-born glories half efface
The splendours of the old.

Doris's Books

DORIS, on your shelves I note
Many a grave ancestral tome.
These, perhaps, you have by rote ;
These are constantly at home.
Ah, but many a gap I spy
Where Miss Broughton's novels lie !

Doris, there, behind the glass,
On your Sheratonian shelves—
Oft I see them as I pass—
Stubbs and Freeman sun themselves.
All unread I watch them stand ;
That's *Belinda* in your hand !

Doris, I, as you may know,
Am myself a Man of Letters,
But my learned volumes go
To the top shelf, like my betters,
High—so high that Doris could
Scarce get at them if she would !

Doris, there be books of mine
That I gave you, wrote your name in,
Tooled and gilded, fair and fine:
Don't you ever peep the same in?
Yes, I see you've kept them—but,
Doris, they are 'Quite Uncut!'

Quite uncut, 'unopened' rather
Are mine edifying pages;
From this circumstance I gather
That some other Muse engages,
Doris, your misguided fancy:
Yes, I thought so—reading *Nancy*.

Well, when you are *older*, Doris,
Wiser, too, you'll love my verses;
Celia likes them, and, what more is,
Oft—to me—their praise rehearses.
'*Celia's Thirty*', did I hear?
Doris, too, can be severe!

Ode on the Distant Prospect of a New Novel

ON August 28
The advertisements state,
If your wiring from Moscow or Delhi,
You will not be too late
For a chance of the great
New book by Miss Marie Corelli.

On August 28
It will come like a spate,
(Not so came the poems of Shelley,
And we anticipate
That our joy will be great
In the work of Miss Marie Corelli.

At the stations the boys
With exuberant noise
To purchase the book will compel ye ;
While tyrants will pale
At the sight of the tale
That is launched for Miss Marie Corelli.

For her 'Temporal Power'
Cometh up like a flower,
Rose-red with the hues of Crivelli;
And I'd not be a king
If she's having a fling
At the sceptre—Miss Marie Corelli.

Perhaps she'll let down
The sceptre and crown
And not beat the throne to a jelly,
And each excellent king
May have reason to sing
To the praise of Miss Marie Corelli.

Were I Kaiser or Tsar
I'd give Garter and Star—
And my robes for the rags of Cleg Kelly,
If Republican rage
Is inspiring the page
Of the dauntless Miss Marie Corelli!

A Mes Livres

FROM COLLETET

MY books, my heart's delight beware
Of quitting the domestic shelves !
I say when folk would bid me lend,
' My books are wives to me, my friend ;
You may admire them, if you care ;
But no, they never lend themselves ! '

From Colletet

SUCH is the fate of borrowed books : they're lost,
Or not the book returneth, but its ghost !

Ballade of Railway Novels

LET others praise analysis
 And revel in a 'cultured' style,
 And follow the subjective miss
 From Boston to the banks of Nile,
 Rejoice in anti-British bile,
 And weep for fickle hero's woe;
 These twain have shortened many a mile,
 Miss Braddon and Gaboriau!

These damsels of 'Democracy's',¹
 How long they stop at every stile!
 They smile, and we are told, I wis,
 Ten subtle reasons *why* they smile.
 Give *me* your villains deeply vile,
 Give me Lecoq, Jottrat and Co.,
 Great artists of the ruse and wile,
 Miss Braddon and Gaboriau!

¹ These lines do *not* apply to Miss Annie P. (or Daisy) Miller, and her delightful sisters, *Gades adituræ mecum*, in the pocket edition of Mr. James's novels, if ever I go to Gades

O novel readers, tell me this,
Can prose that's polished by the file,
Like great Boisgobey's mysteries,
Wet days and weary ways beguile,
And man to living reconcile,
Like these whose every trick we know?
The agony how high they pile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau!

ENVOY

Ah, friend, how many and many a while
They've made the slow time fleetly flow,
And solaced pain and charmed exile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau.

*The Property of a Gentleman who has given
up Collecting.*

O H blessèd be the cart that takes
Away my books—! my curse, my clog;
Blessèd the auctioneer who makes
Their inefficient catalogue.

Blessèd the purchasers who pay
• However little—less were fit;
Blessèd the rooms, the rainy day,
The knock-out and the end of it.

For I am weary of the sport,
That seemed a while ago so sweet,
Of Elzevirs an inch too short,
• And first editions—incomplete.

Weary of crests and coats of arms
‘Attributed to Padeloup’,
The sham Deromes have lost their charms,
The things Le Gascon did not do.

I never read the catalogues
Of rubbish that come thick as rocks,
But most I loathe the dreary dogs
That write in prose, or worse, on books.

Large paper surely cannot hide
Their grammar, nor excuse their rhyme,
The anecdotes that they provide
Are older than the dawn of time.

Ye bores, of every shape and size,
Who make a tedium of delight,
Good-bye, the last of my good-byes.
Good-night to all your clan, good-night.

.

Thus in a sullen fit we swore,
But on mature reflection,
Went on collecting more and more—
And kept our old collection !

Beauty and the Beast

THE seeds of flowers from isle to isle
The birds have brought, the winds have blown ;
The faces of our daisies smile
In meadows of the lands unknown ;
And tales our fathers told erewhile
Like flowers through all the world are sown.

The lover strange, the lady's woe,
The Prince enchanted and released—
The tale 'neath Himalayan snow
Was chanted by the Vedic priest,¹
And little Kaffir children know
Their Kaffir Beauty and the Beast.

And here, for English children, here
By him who best knew Fairyland,²
Are drawn the gentle Beauty dear
And (changed by the enchanter's wand)
The Beast, unbending o'er his bier,
His tail caressed by Beauty's hand.

¹ Urvasi and Pururavas are the persons in the Vedic version of Beauty and the Beast. The Kaffir version is in Callaway's *Tales from the Amazulu*. (NOTE BY A. L.)

² 'Him who best knew Fairyland' is Dicky Doyle, whose picture of Beauty and the Beast these verses illustrate. [See Christmas Number of *Longman's Magazine* for 1884.]

B O O K S

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Ah, maidens, mark the moral old !

From ugliness you need not wince,
Nor turn a cruel face and cold

On men who're not Apollos, since
Plain lovers *may* have hearts of gold,
The Husband prove the Fairy Prince.

Ballade of his Books

HERE stand my books, line upon line
They reach the roof, and row by row,
They speak of faded tastes of mine,
And things I did, but do not, know :
Old school books, useless long ago,
Old Logics, where the spirit, railed in,
Could scarcely answer 'yes' or 'no'—
The many things I've tried and failed in !

Here's Villon, in morocco fine,
(The poet starved, in mud and snow,)
Glatigny does not crave to dine,
And René's tears forget to flow ;
And here's a work by Mrs. Crowe,
With hosts of ghosts and bogies jailed in ;
Ah, all my ghosts have gone below—
The many things I've tried and failed in !

He's touched, this mouldy Greek divine,
The Princess D'Este's hand of snow ;
And here the arms of D'Hoym shine,
And there's a tear-bestained Rousseau :
Here's Carlyle shrieking ' woe on woe '
(The first edition, this, he wailed in) ;
I once believed in him—but oh,
The many things I've tried and failed in !

ENVOY

Prince, tastes may differ ; mine and thine
Quite other balances are scaled in ;
May you succeed, though I repine—
' The many things I've tried and failed in ! '

Ballade of the Unattainable

THE Books I cannot hope to buy,
Their phantoms round me waltz and wheel;
They pass before the dreaming eye,
Ere sleep the dreaming eye can seal.
A kind of literary reel
They dance; how fair the bindings shine!
Prose cannot tell them what I feel—
The books that never can be mine!

There frisk editions rare and shy,
Morocco clad from head to heel;
Shakespearian quartos; Comedy
As first she flashed from Richard Steele;
And quaint De Foe on Mrs. Veal;
And, lord of landing net and line,
Old Izaak with his fishing creel,—
The books that never can be mine!

Incunables ! for you I sigh,
Black letter, at thy founts I kneel ;
Old tales of Perrault's nursery,
For you I'd go without a meal !
For books wherein did Aldus deal
And rare Galliot du Pré I pine.
The watches of the night reveal
The books that never can be mine !

ENVOY

Prince, hear a hopeless bard's appeal ;
Reverse the rules of Mine and Thine ;
Make it legitimate to steal
The books that never can be mine !

Ballade of the Bookworm

FAR in the past I peer, and see
A child upon the nursery floor,
A child with books upon his knee,
Who asks, like Oliver, for more !
The number of his years is IV,
And yet in letters hath he skill,
How deep he dives in fairy-lore !
The books I loved, I love them still !

One gift the fairies gave me : (three
They commonly bestowed of yore)
The love of books, the golden key
That opens the enchanted door ;
Behind it BLUEBEARD lurks, and o'er
And o'er doth JACK his Giants kill,
And there is all ALADDIN's store,—
The books I loved, I love them still !

Take all, but leave my books to me !
These heavy creels of old we bore
We fill not now, nor wander free,
Nor wear the heart that once we wore ;
Not now each river seems to pour
His waters from the Muses' hill ;
Though something 's gone from stream and shore,
The books I loved, I love them still !

ENVOY

Fate, that art queen by shore and sea,
We bow submissive to thy will,
Ah, grant, by some benign decree,
The books I loved—to love them still.

Old Friends

BOOKS, old friends that are always new,
Of all good things that we know, are best ;
They never forsake us as others do,
And never disturb our inward rest.
Here is the truth in a world of lies,
And all that in man is great or wise.
Better than men or women, friend,
That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,
Are the books their cunning hands have penned,
For they depart, but the books remain ;
Through these they speak to us what is best,
In the loving heart and the noble mind ;
All their royal souls possessed
Belongs for ever to all mankind.
When others fail him, the wise man looks
To the sure companionship of books.

VI

HIS FRIENDS

OLD AND YOUNG

Clevedon Church

IN MEMORIAM

H. B.

WESTWARD I watch the low green hills of Wales,
The low sky silver gray,
The turbid Channel with the wandering sails
Moans through the winter day.
There is no colour but one ashen light
On tower and lonely tree,
The little church upon the windy height
Is gray as sky or sea.
But there hath he that woke the sleepless love
Slept through these fifty years,
There is the grave that has been wept above
With more than mortal tears.
And far below I hear the Channel sweep
And all his waves complain,
As Hallam's dirge through all the years must keep
Its monotone of pain.

.

Gray sky—brown waters—as a bird that flies,
My heart flits forth from these
Back to the winter rose of northern skies,
Back to the northern seas.
And lo, the long waves of the ocean beat
Below the minster gray,
Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,
And knees of them that pray.
And I remember me how twain were one
Beside that ocean dim,
I count the years passed over since the sun
That lights me looked on him,
And dreaming of the voice that, save in sleep,
Shall greet me not again,
Far, far below I hear the Channel sweep
And all his waves complain.

To
E. M. S.

‘Prima dicra mihi, summa dicenda Camena.’

THE years will pass, and hearts will range,
You conquer time, and care, and change.
Though time doth still delight to shed
The dust on many a younger head;
Though care, oft coming, hath the guile
From younger lips to steal the smile;
Though change makes younger hearts wax cold,
And sells new loves for loves of old,
Time, change, nor care, hath learned the art
To fleck your hair, to chill your heart,
To touch your tresses with the snow,
To mar your mirth of long ago.
Change, care, nor time, while life endure,
Shall spoil our ancient friendship sure,
The love which flows from sacred springs,
In ‘old unhappy far-off things’,
From sympathies in grief and joy,
Through all the years of man and boy.

Therefore, to you, the rhymes I strung
When even this 'brindled' head was young
I bring, and later rhymes I bring
That flit upon as weak a wing
But still for you—for yours—they sing!—

Tusitala

R. L. S.

WE spoke of a rest in a fairy knowe of the north,
but he,
Far from the firths of the east, and the racing tides
of the west,
Sleeps in the sight and the sound of the infinite southern
sea,
Weary and well content in his grave on the Vaëa crest.

Tusitala, the lover of children, the teller of tales,
Giver of counsel and dreams, a wonder, a world's
delight,
Looks o'er the labours of men in the plain and the hill;
and the sails
Pass and repass on the sea that he loved, in the day
and the night.

Winds of the west and the east in the rainy season
blow
Heavy with perfume, and all his fragrant woods are
wet,
Winds of the east and west as they wander to and fro,
Bear him the love of the land he loved, and the long
regret.

Once we were kindest, he said, when leagues of the
limitless sea

Flowed between us, but now that no wash of the
wandering tides

Sunders us each from each, yet nearer we seem to be,
Whom only the unbridged stream of the river of death
divides.

To Robert Louis Stevenson

WITH KIRK'S 'SECRET COMMONWEALTH'

O LOUIS! you that like them maist,
Ye're far frae kelpie, wraith, and ghaist,
And fairy dames, no unco chaste,
And haunted cell.
Among a heathen clan ye're placed,
That kens na hell!

Ye hae nae heather, peat, nor birks,
Nae trout in a' yer burnies lurks,
There are nae bonny U.P. kirks,
An awfu' place!
Nane kens the Covenant o' Works
Frae that o' Grace!

But whiles, maybe, to them ye'll read
Blads o' the Covenanting creed,
And whiles their pagan wames ye'll feed
On halesome parritch;
And syne ye'll gar them learn a screed
O' the Shorter Carritch.

Yet thae uncovenanted shavers
Hae rowth, ye say, o' clash and clavers
O' gods and etins—auld wives' havers,
But their delight;
The voice o' him that tells them quavers
Just wi' fair fright.

And ye might tell, ayont the faem,
Thae Hieland clashes o' our hame
To speak the truth, I tak na shame
To half believe them;
And, stamped wi' *Tusitala's* name,
They'll a' receive them.

And folk to come ayont the sea
May hear the yowl o' the Banshie,
And frae the water-kelpie flee,
Ere a' things cease,
And island bairns may stolen be
By the folk o' peace.

Once Again

To L.

I LINGER round the very spot
Where once we heeled the ball,
And wonder if you've quite forgot
Our sessions at the Hall;
How gallantly we missed the globe,
How gaily skelped the green,
And wore the regulation robe
And ran the Magazine.

Forever yet my thoughts incline
To catches in the slips,
Which might have been, but were not, mine;
My frozen finger-tips
Let chances go like water through,
And batsmen ran for three,
And, if you were the bowler, you
Would pitch the stumps at *me*!

Ballade Dedicatory

TO MRS. CHARLES ELTON, OF WHITESTAUNTON

THE painted Briton built his mound,
And left his celts and clay,
On yon fair slope of sunlit ground
That fronts your garden gay ;
The Roman came, he bore the sway,
He bullied, bought, and sold—
Your fountain sweeps his works away
Beside your manor old !

But still his crumbling urns are found
Within the window-bay,
Where once he listened to the sound
That lulls you day by day ;—
The sound of summer winds at play,
The noise of waters cold
To Yarty wandering on their way,
Beside your manor old !

The Roman fell : his firm-set bound
Became the Saxon's stay ;
The bells made music all around
For monks in cloisters gray ;
Till fled the monks in disarray
From their warm chantry's fold ;
Old Abbots slumber as they may,
Beside your manor old !

ENVOY

Creeds, empires, peoples, all decay,
Down into darkness, rolled ;
May life that's fleet be sweet, I pray,
Beside your manor old.

E. C. S.

‘**B**AN and Arrière Ban!’ a host
Broken, beaten, all unled,
They return as doth a ghost
From the dead.

Sad or glad, my rallied rhymes,
Sought our dusty papers through,
For the sake of other times
Come to you.

Times and places new we know,
Faces fresh and seasons strange;
But the friends of long ago
Do not change.

L'Envoi

To E. W. G.

(Who also had rhymed on the *Fortunate Islands* of Lucian).

EACH in the self-same field we glean
The field of the Samosatene ;
Each something takes and something leaves,
And this must choose, and that forgo
In Lucian's visionary sheaves,
To twine a modern posy so ;
But all my gleanings, truth to tell,
Are mixed with mournful asphodel,
While yours are wreathed with poppies red,
With flowers that Helen's feet have kissed,
With leaves of vine that garlanded
The Syrian Pantagruelist,
The sage who laughed the world away,
Who mocked at gods, and men, and care,
More sweet of voice than Rabelais,
And lighter-hearted than Voltaire.

Desiderium

IN MEMORIAM S. F. A.

THE call of homing rooks, the shrill
Song of some bird that watches late,
The cries of children break the still
Sad twilight by the churchyard gate.

And o'er your far-off tomb the gray
Sad twilight broods, and from the trees
The rooks call on their homeward way,
And are you heedless quite of these?

The clustered rowan berries red
And autumn's may, the clematis,
They droop above your dreaming head;
And these, and all things must you miss?

Ah, you that loved the twilight air,
The dim lit hour of quiet best,
At last, at last you have your share
Of what life gave so seldom, rest!

Yes, rest beyond all dreaming deep,
Or labour, nearer the Divine,
And pure from fret, and smooth as sleep,
And gentle as thy soul, is thine !

So let it be ! But could I know
That thou in this soft autumn eve,
This hush of earth that pleased thee so,
Hadst pleasure still, I might not grieve.

In Augustinum Dobson

IAM RUDE DONATUM

DEAR poet, now turned out to grass
 (Like him who reigned in Babylon),
Forget the seasons overlaid
By business and the Board of Trade :
And sing of old-world lad and lass
 As in the summers that are gone.

Back to the golden prime of Anne !
 When you ambassador had been,
And brought o'er sea the King again,
 Beatrix Esmond in his train.
Ah, happy bard to hold her fan,
 And happy land with such a queen !

We live too early, or too late,
 You should have shared the pint of Pope,
And taught, well pleased, the shining shell
 To murmur of the fair Lepel,
And changed the stars of St. John's fate
 To some more happy horoscope.

By duchesses with roses crowned,
And fed with chicken and champagne,
Urbane and witty, and too wary
To risk the feud of Lady Mary,
You should have walked the courtly ground
Of times that cannot come again.

Bring back these years in verse or prose,
(I very much prefer your verse!)
As on some Twenty-Ninth of May
Restore the splendour and the sway,
Forget the sins, the wars, the woes—
The joys alone must you rehearse.

Forget the dunces (there is none
So stupid as to snarl at *you*);
So may your years with pen and book
Run pleasant as an English brook
Through meadows floral in the sun,
And shadows fragrant of the dew.

And thus at ending of your span—
As all must end—the world shall say,
‘His best he gave: he left us not
A line that saints could wish to blot,
For he was blameless, though a man;
And though the poet, he was gay!’

Ballade of Summer

To C. H. A.

WHEN strawberry pottles are common and cheap,
Ere elms be black, or limes be sere,
When midnight dances are murdering sleep,
Then comes in the sweet o' the year!
And far from Fleet Street, far from here,
The summer is queen in the length of the land,
And moonlit nights they are soft and clear,
When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand!

When clamour that doves in the linden keep
Mingles with musical splash of the weir,
Where drowned green tresses of crowsfoot creep,
Then comes in the sweet o' the year!
And better a crust and a beaker of beer,
With rose-hung hedges on either hand,
Than a palace in town and a prince's cheer,
When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand!

When big trout late in the twilight leap,
When cuckoo clamoureth far and near,
When glittering scythes in the hayfield reap,
Then comes in the sweet o' the year!
And it's oh to sail, with the wind to steer,
Where kine knee deep in the water stand,
On a Highland loch, on a Lowland mere,
When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand!

ENVOY

Friend, with the fops while we dawdle here,
Then comes in the sweet o' the year!
And the summer runs out, like grains of sand,
When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand!

Ode to Mr. Saintsbury

COME, all ye maidens and young men,
Who thump the lute and smack the lyre;
Thy sweetness bring, Le Gallienne,
Watson, thy wing of eager fire!
Impassioned Benson, softly sing,
‘Not yet the Muse’s race is run,’
Touch, Thompson, touch the sounding string,
With Johnson, Dobson, Davidson!
Austin and Morris, fill the fife,
Or sound the clarion, as of yore,
Sing, Arnold, of this mortal life,
Which Sakya Muni deemed a bore!
Build, Rhymers’ Club, the lofty rhyme,
Great fancies mate with glowing words;
Like Pembroke—in the Doctor’s time—
The land’s ‘a nest of singing birds’.
Let Tabb renew his modest vein,
Nor let the voice of Tabley fail.
With Blowsabella, once again,
Delight us, Muse of Mr. Gale!

I, too, to please my Saintsbury,
The barrel organ will essay,
Once more my penny whistle ply,
Be archly sad, or glumly gay.
Lo, at *that* threat the man succumbs,
Before *my* voice the critic flies,
The populace turn down their thumbs,
He pales, he reels, he sinks, he dies !

To

Louisa Viscountess Wolseley

MADAME, it is no modish thing,
The bookman's tribute that I bring;
A talk of antiquaries gray,
Dust unto dust this many a day,
Gossip of texts and bindings old,
Of faded type, and tarnish'd gold!

*Can ladies care for this to-do
With Payne, Derome, and Padeloup?
Can they resign the rout, the ball,
For lonely joys of shelf and stall?*

The critic thus serenely wise;
But *you* can read with other eyes,
Whose books and bindings treasured are
'Midst mingled spoils of peace and war;
Shields from the fights the Mahdi lost,
And trinkets from the Golden Coast,
And many a thing divinely done
By Chippendale and Sheraton,

And trophies of Egyptian deeds,
And fans, and plates, and aggrey beads,
Pomander boxes, assegais,
And sword-hilts worn in Marlbro's days.

In this abode of old and new,
Of war and peace, my essays, too,
For long in serials tempest-tost,
Are landed now, and are not lost:
Nay, on your shelf secure they lie,
As in the amber sleeps the fly.
'Tis true, they are not 'rich nor rare';
Enough, for me, that they are—there!

Introductory Verses

TO

Songs and Rhymes: English and French by Walter Herries Pollock:
London, 1882.

O RHYMER! skilled on either string,
In either tongue, to strike and sing,
Why ask of me an idle thing,

A rhyme before your *Rhymes* to set?
For *good wine needs no bush*; nor these
Demand my praise to make them please.
More than the gray anemones

From fragrant April gardens wet
Your singing verse delights my dream;
But, bid me scribble, and I seem
The huckster hoarse that o'er the stream

Of traffic howls, *Fresh flowers to-day*!
The crowd must praise the flowers, must come
To buy them, but they wish him dumb,
The man who cracks your tympanum

With shouting what he need not say.
The crowd in London's dust and grime
Must crave the buds of summer time,
But he who shouts, and I who rhyme,
Might almost scare the crowd away!

Nay, if that merchant only knew
His art, he'd let the scented dew,
The country fragrance wafted through
 The street, bring custom to his stall:
And I, more wise than he, will let
The blossoms in your garden set,
Pansy, and rue, and violet,
 Speak for themselves to one and all.

For Mark Twain's Jubilee

TO brave Mark Twain, across the sea,
The years have brought his jubilee ;
One hears it half with pain,
That fifty years have passed and gone
Since danced the merry star that shone
Above the babe, Mark Twain !

How many and many a weary day,
When sad enough were we, 'Mark's way'
(Unlike the Laureate's Mark's)
Has made us laugh until we cried,
And sinking back exhausted, sighed,
Like Gargery, *Wot larx* !

We turn his pages, and we see
The Mississippi flowing free ;
We turn again and grin
O'er all *Tom Sawyer* did and planned,
With him of the Ensanguined Hand,
With *Huckleberry Finn* !

Spirit of mirth, whose chime of bells
Shakes on his cap, and sweetly swells
 Across the Atlantic main,
Grant that Mark's laughter never die,
That men, through many a century,
 May chuckle o'er Mark Twain!

She

To H. R. H.

NOT in the waste beyond the swamps and sand,
The fever-haunted forest and lagoon,
Mysterious Kôr thy walls forsaken stand,
Thy lonely towers beneath the lonely moon,
Not there doth Ayesha linger, rune by rune
Spelling strange scriptures of a people banned,
The world is disenchanted ; over soon
Shall Europe send her spies through all the land.

Nay, not in Kôr, but in whatever spot,
In town or field, or by the insatiate sea,
Men brood on buried loves, and unforget,
Or break themselves on some divine decree,
Or would o'erleap the limits of their lot,
There, in the tombs and deathless, dwelleth she !

To R. L. S.¹

(See Underwoods)

DEAR Louis of the awful cheek!
Who told you it was right to speak,
Where all the world might hear and stare,
Of other fellows' 'brindled hair'?
'Shadows we are', the Sophist knew—
Shadows—'and shadows we pursue.'
For this my ghost shall chase your shadow
From Skerryvore to Colorado.

¹ Written in retaliation for a poem in *Underwoods* beginning 'Dear Andrew with the brindled hair'.

With a Fairy Book

To E. A. C.

TOO late they come—too late for you,
These old friends that are ever new,
Enchanted in our volume blue ;

For you ere now have wandered o'er
A world of tales untold of yore,
And learned the later fairy-lore !

Nay, as within her briery brake
The Sleeping Beauty did awake,
Old tales may rouse them for your sake,

And you once more may voyage through
The forests that of old we knew,
The fairy forests deep in dew ;

Where you, resuming childish things,
Shall listen when the Blue Bird sings,
And sit at feast with fairy kings,

And taste their wine, ere all be done,
And face more welcome shall be none
Among the guests of Oberon.

Ay, of that feast shall tales be told,
The marvels of that world of gold,
To children young, when you are old.

When you are old ! Ah, dateless 'when',
For youth shall perish among men,
And Spring herself be ancient then !

To D. R. T.

DEAR Dorothea, I and you
Both write, I'm told, of dwarfs and fays,
And if, O maid with eyes so blue,
They come—as probably they do—
And teach you all about their ways,
I wish you'd give them *my* address,
Or bid them at the Club look in,
And tell their secrets, and confess
Where lay the fairy palaces.
My utmost gratitude you'll win,
And I, till tolls my parting knell,
Will be your faithful slave
A. L.

To Master Frederick Longman

HERLIES, 1914.

[*Animal Story Book.*]

THIS year our book for Christmas varies,
Deals not with history nor fairies,
(I can't help thinking, children, you
Prefer a book which is not true)
We leave these intellectual feasts,
To talk of fishes, birds, and beasts.
These—though his aim is scarcely steady—
These are, I think, a theme for Freddy!
Trout, though he is not up to fly,
He soon will catch—as well as I!
So Freddy, take this artless rhyme
And be a sportsman in your time!

To Francis McCunn

Loos, 1915

[Dedication in *Blue True Story Book*.]

YOU like the things I used to like,
The things I'm fond of still,
The sound of fairy wands that strike
Men into beasts at will.

The cruel step-mother, the fair
Step-daughter, kind and leal,
The bull and bear so debonair,
The trenchant fairy steel.

You love the world where brute and fish
Converse with man and bird,
Where dungeons open at a wish,
And seas dry at a word.

That merry world to-day we leave,
We list an o'er-true tale
Of hearts that sore for Charlie grieve,
When handsome princes fail ;

Of gallant races overthrown,
Of dungeons ill to climb,
There's no such tale of trouble known
In all the fairy time.

There, Montezuma still were king ;
There, Charles would wear the crown ;
And there the Highlanders would ding
The Hanoverian down.

In Fairyland the Rightful Cause
Is never long a-winning,
In Fairyland the fairy laws
Are prompt to punish sinning :

For Fairyland's the land of joy,
And this the world of pain ;
So back to Fairyland, my boy,
We'll journey once again.

*To Joan, Toddles, and Tiny : otherwise
Meg and Maisie*

[*Yellow Fairy Book.*]

BOOKS Yellow, Red, and Green and Blue,
All true, or just as good as true,
And here's the Yellow Book for *you*!

Hard is the path from A to Z,
And puzzling to a curly head,
Yet leads to books — Green, Blue and Red.

For every child should understand
That letters from the first were planned
To guide us into Fairy Land.

So labour at your alphabet
For by that learning shall you get
To lands where fairies may be met.

And going where this pathway goes
You too, at last, may find—who knows?
The garden of the Singing Rose.

To Miss Sybil Corbet

Author of *Animal Land*, *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts*, and *Epitonic Poems*.

[*Red Book of Animal Stories.*]

SYBIL, the Beasts we bring to you
Are not so friendly, not so odd,
As those that all amazed we view,
The brutes created by your nod—
The Wuss, the Azorkon, and the Pod;
But then, *our* tales are true!

Fauna of fancy, one and all
Obey your happy voice, we know;
A garden zoological
Is all around where'er you go;
Mellys and Kanks walk to and fro,
And Didds attend your call.

We have but common wolves and bears,
Lion and leopard, hawk and hind,
Tigers and crocodiles and hares:
But yet they hope you will be kind,
And mark with sympathetic mind
These moving tales of theirs.

VII

BALLADES

At the Sign of the Ship

BALLADE INTRODUCTORY

WHAT men collect, what men debate,
What Bain has bought, or Christie sold,
Whatever serves to illustrate
The fashions of the days of old ;
How Cambridge pulled, how Oxford bowled,
Wild lore of races white or black ;
Of these shall many a tale be told
In this our Stall of Bric-a-brac !

Strange wrecks from rarest books that fate
Hath hardly saved from moth and mould ;
Quaint traits of manner, old or late,
Of cloth of frieze, and cloth of gold,
Faint echoes that the ages cold
To our warm age send ringing back,
We gather all, we all enfold
In this our Stall of Bric-à-brac.

Tales of the Church, and of the State,
Of how men prayed—and how they polled—
We tell ; and talk of flies, and bait,
And ancient missals golden-scrolled ;
And here, perchance, shall songs be trolled—
Of holidays, when work is slack—
We shall do everything—but scold
In this our Stall of Bric-à-brac.

ENVOY

Then come, ye merry buyers bold,
What is't ye seek ? what is't ye lack ?
We've many wares, and manifold,
In this our Stall of Bric-à-brac !

Ballade of Literary Fame

‘ All these for fourpence.’

O H, where are the endless romances
Our grandmothers used to adore?
The knights with their helms and their lances,
Their shields and the favours they wore?
And the monks with their magical lore?
They have passed to oblivion and *no*x,
They have fled to the shadowy shore,—
They are all in the Fourpenny Box!

And where the poetical fancies
Our fathers rejoiced in, of yore?
The lyric’s melodious expanses,
The epics in cantos a score
They have been and are not: no more
Shall the shepherds drive silvery flocks,
Nor the ladies their languors deplore—
They are all in the Fourpenny Box!

And the music? The songs and the dances?
The tunes that time may not restore?
And the tomes where divinity prances?
And the pamphlets where heretics roar?
They have ceased to be even a bore—
The divine, and the sceptic who mocks—
They are ‘cropped’, they are ‘foxed’ to the core—
They are all in the Fourpenny Box!

ENVOY

Suns beat on them; tempests downpour,
On the chest without cover or locks,
Where they lie by the bookseller’s door—
They are *all* in the Fourpenny Box!

Ballade of the Primitive Jest

‘What did the dark-haired Iberian laugh at before the tall blonde Aryan drove him into the corners of Europe?’—BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I AM an ancient Jest!
Palaeolithic man
In his arboreal nest
The sparks of fun would fan;
My outline did he plan,
And laughed like one possessed,
’Twas thus my course began,
I am a Merry Jest!

I am an early Jest!
Man delved, and built, and span;
Then wandered south and west
The peoples Aryan,
I journeyed in their van;
The Semites, too, confessed,—
From Beersheba to Dan,—
I am a Merry Jest!

I am an ancient Jest,
Through all the human clan,
Red, black, white, free, oppressed,
Hilarious I ran !
I'm found in Lucian,
In Poggio, and the rest,
I'm dear to Moll and Nan !
I am a Merry Jest !

ENVOY

Prince, you may storm and ban—
Joe Millers *are* a pest,
Suppress me if you can !
I am a Merry Jest !

Ballade of Sleep

THE hours are passing slow,
I hear their weary tread
Clang from the tower, and go
Back to their kinsfolk dead.
Sleep! death's twin brother dread!
Why dost thou scorn me so?
The wind's voice overhead
Long wakeful here I know,
And music from the steep
Where waters fall and flow.
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

All sounds that might bestow
Rest on the fever'd bed,
All slumb'rous sounds and low
Are mingled here and wed,
And bring no drowsihed.
Shy dreams flit to and fro
With shadowy hair dispread;
With wistful eyes that glow,
And silent robes that sweep.
Thou wilt not hear me; no?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

What cause hast thou to show
Of sacrifice unsped ?
Of all thy slaves below
I most have labourèd
With service sung and said ;
Have cull'd such buds as blow,
Soft poppies white and red,
Where thy still gardens grow,
And Lethe's waters weep.
Why, then, art thou my foe ?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep ?

ENVOY

Prince, ere the dark be shred
By golden shafts, ere low
And long the shadows creep :
Lord of the wand of lead,
Soft-footed as the snow,
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep ?

Ballade of the Girton Girl

SHE has just 'put her gown on' at Girton,
She is learned in Latin and Greek,
But lawn tennis she plays with a skirt on
That the prudish remark with a shriek.
In her accents, perhaps, she is weak
(Ladies *are*, one observes with a sigh),
And in Algebra—*there* she's unique,
But her forte's to evaluate π .

She can talk about putting a 'spirt on'
(I admit, an unmaidenly freak),
And she dearly delighteth to flirt on
A punt in some shadowy creek.
Should her bark, by mischance, spring a leak,
She can swim as a swallow can fly;
She can fence, she can putt with a cleek,
But her forte's to evaluate π .

She has lectured on Scopas and Myrton,
Coins, vases, mosaics, the antique,
Old tiles with the secular dirt on,
Old marbles with noses to seek.
And her Cobet she quotes by the week,
And she's written on $\pi\epsilon\upsilon$ and on $\pi\alpha\iota$,
And her service is swift and oblique,
But her forte's to evaluate π .

ENVOY

Princess, like a rose is her cheek,
And her eyes are as blue as the sky,
And I'd speak, had I courage to speak,
But—her forte's to evaluate π .

Ballade of the Penitents

‘Le repentir de leur premier choix les rend des *Penitens du Diable*, comme dit Tertullien.’—PASCAL, *Pensées*, 1672, p. 178.

‘O H, who be ye thus doubtful led
And listless through the glad array
With languid look, with drooping head,
In all this rout of ladies gay?
Ye walk with them, but not as they,
Ye tarry sadly in their tents,
Why fare ye thus half-hearted, say?’—
‘We are St. Satan’s Penitents!’

‘A straiter path we once would tread,
Through wilds that knew not of the may;
The loads that weighed on us like lead
We bore through thorns and sloughs of clay.
No time had we to pause or play
With music of glad instruments,
But still we clambered: Well-a-day!
We are St. Satan’s Penitents!’

“The path is over steep,” we said,
“The rueful skies are ashen gray,
And over harshly are we sped,
Still upwards ! Ne’er a stop nor stay.”
We cast our burdens all away,
We fled adown the steep ascents,
We were aweary of that way ;
We are St. Satan’s Penitents.’

ENVOY

Fair is the path and bright the day,
Where now we whisper our laments ;
With backward glance we go astray,
We are St. Satan’s Penitents.

*Ballade to Theocritus, in Winter**ἔσορῶν τὰν Σικελὰν ἐς ἅλα.*

Id. viii. 56.

AH! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar,
 Of London, and the bustling street,
 For still, by the Sicilian shore,
 The murmur of the Muse is sweet.
 Still, still, the suns of summer greet
 The mountain-grave of Helikê,
 And shepherds still their songs repeat
 Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more
 That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
 They chatter of their rustic lore,
 They watch the wind among the wheat:
 Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
 Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
 They count the waves that idly beat
 Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

Theocritus ! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over-fleet ;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet :
And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world—so must it be—
We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea !

ENVOY

Master—when rain, and snow, and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea !

Ballade of Difficult Rhymes

WITH certain rhymes 'tis hard to deal ;
For 'silver' we have ne'er a rhyme.

On 'orange' (as on orange peel)

The bard has slipped full many a time.

With 'babe' there's scarce a sound will chime,

Though 'astrolabe' fits like a glove ;

But, ye that on Parnassus climb,

Why, why are rhymes so rare to *love* ?

A rhyme to 'cusp', to beg or steal,

I've sought from evensong to prime ;

But vain is my poetic zeal,

There's not one sound is worth a 'dime' :

'Bilge,' 'coif,' 'scarf,' 'window'—deeds of crime

I'd do to gain the rhymes thereof ;

Nor shrink from acts of moral grime—

Why, why are rhymes so rare to *love* ?

To ‘dove’ my fancies flit, and wheel
Like butterflies on banks of thyme.
‘Above’?—or ‘shove’?—alas! I feel,
They’re too much used to be sublime.
I scorn with angry pantomime,
The thought of ‘move’ (pronounced as *muv*)
Ah, in Apollo’s golden clime
Why, why are rhymes so rare to *love*?

ENVOY

Prince of the lute and lyre, reveal
New rhymes, fresh-minted, from above,
Nor still be deaf to our appeal,
Why, *why* are rhymes so rare to *love*?

Ballade of Blue China

THERE'S a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new,
'Tis to gloat on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's ancient and blue ;
Unchipp'd all the centuries through
It has pass'd, since the chime of it rang,
And they fashion'd it, figure and hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

These dragons (their tails, you remark,
Into bunches of gillyflowers grew) ;
When Noah came out of the ark,
Did these lie in wait for his crew ?
They snorted, they snapp'd, and they slew,
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew ;
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were changed into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may, as they sang ;
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do !
Kind critic, your 'tongue has a tang' ;
But—a sage never heeded a shrew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Ballade of Middle Age

O UR youth began with tears and sighs,
With seeking what we could not find;
Our verses all were threnodies,
In elegiacs still we whined;
Our ears were deaf, our eyes were blind,
We sought and knew not what we sought.
We marvel, now we look behind:
Life's more amusing than we thought!

Oh, foolish youth, untimely wise!
Oh, phantoms of the sickly mind!
What? not content with seas and skies,
With rainy clouds and southern wind,
With common cares and faces kind,
With pains and joys each morning brought?
Ah, old, and worn, and tired we find
Life's more amusing than we thought!

Though youth ‘turns spectre-thin and dies’,
To mourn for youth we’re not inclined;
We set our souls on salmon flies,
We whistle where we once repined.
Confound the woes of human-kind!
By Heaven we’re well deceived, I wot;
Who hum, contented or resigned,
‘Life’s more amusing than we thought’!

ENVOY

O *nate mecum*, worn and lined
Our faces show, but *that* is naught;
Our hearts are young ’neath wrinkled rind:
Life’s more amusing than we thought!

Ballade of the Voyage to Cythera

AFTER THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

I KNOW Cythera long is desolate ;
I know the winds have stripp'd the gardens green.
Alas, my friends ! beneath the fierce sun's weight
A barren reef lies where love's flowers have been,
Nor ever lover on that coast is seen !
So be it, but we seek a fabled shore,
To lull our vague desires with mystic lore,
To wander where love's labyrinths beguile ;
There let us land, there dream for evermore :
'It may be we shall touch the happy isle.'

The sea may be our sepulchre. If fate,
If tempests wreak their wrath on us, serene
We watch the bolt of heaven, and scorn the hate
Of angry gods that smite us in their spleen.
Perchance the jealous mists are but the screen
That veils the fairy coast we would explore.
Come, though the sea be vex'd, and breakers roar ;
Come, for the air of this old world is vile,
Haste we, and toil, and faint not at the oar ;
'It may be we shall touch the happy isle.'

Gray serpents trail in temples desecrate
Where Cypris smiled—the golden maid—the queen—
And ruined is the palace of our state ;
But happy loves flit round the mast, and keen
The shrill wind sings the silken cords between.
Heroes are we, with wearied hearts and sore,
Whose flower is faded and whose locks are hoar ;
Yet haste, light skiffs, where myrtle thickets smile ;
Love's panthers sleep 'mid roses, as of yore :
' It may be we shall touch the happy isle !'

ENVOY

Sad eyes, the blue sea laughs, as heretofore ;
Ah, singing birds, your happy music pour !
Ah, poets, leave the sordid earth awhile ;
Fill to these ancient gods we still adore ;
' It may be, we shall touch the happy isle !'

Ballade of Aucassin

WHERE smooth the southern waters run
Through rustling leagues of poplars gray,
Beneath a veiled soft southern sun,
We wandered out of yesterday—
Went maying in that ancient May
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,
And loitered by the fountain spray
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

The grass-grown paths are trod of none
Where through the woods they went astray ;
The spider's trceries are spun
Across the darkling forest way ;
There come no knights that ride to slay,
No pilgrims through the grasses wet,
No shepherd lads that sang their say
With Aucassin and Nicolette !

'Twas here by Nicolete begun
Her lodge of boughs and grasses gay ;
'Scaped from the cell of marble dun
'Twas here the lover found the fay,
O, lovers fond ! O, foolish play !
How hard we find it to forget
Who fain would dwell with them as they,
With Aucassin and Nicolete.

ENVOY

Prince, 'tis a melancholy lay !
For youth, for life we both regret !
How fair they seem how far away ;
With Aucassin and Nicolete !

BALLADES



Ballade of a Friar

(Clement Marot's *Frère Lubin*, though translated by Longfellow and others, has not hitherto been rendered into the original measure of *ballade à double refrain*.)

SOME ten or twenty times a day
To bustle to the town with speed,
To dabble in what dirt he may—
Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!
But any sober life to lead
Upon an exemplary plan,
Requires a Christian indeed—
Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

Another's wealth on his to lay,
With all the craft of guile and greed,
To leave you bare of pence or pay—
Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!
But watch him with the closest heed,
And dun him with what force you can—
He'll not refund, howe'er you plead—
Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

An honest girl to lead astray,
With subtle saw and promised meed,
Requires no cunning crone and gray—
Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!
He preaches an ascetic creed,
But—try him with the water can—
A dog will drink, whate'er his breed—
Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

ENVOY

In good to fail, in ill succeed,
Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!
In honest works to lead the van,
Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

*Ballade of Neglected Merit*¹

I HAVE scribbled in verse and in prose,
I have painted 'arrangements in greens',
And my name is familiar to those
Who take in the high-class magazines.
I compose; I've invented machines;
I have written an 'Essay on rhyme';
For my county I played, in my teens,
But—I am not in 'Men of the Time!'

I have lived, as a chief, with the Crows;
I have 'interviewed' princes and queens;
I have climbed the Caucasian snows;
I abstain, like the ancients, from beans—
I've a guess what Pythagoras means
When he says that to eat them's a crime—
I have lectured upon the Essenes,
But—I am not in 'Men of the Time!'

¹ N.B.—There is only one veracious statement in this ballade, which must not be accepted as autobiographical.

I've a fancy as morbid as Poe's,
I can tell what is meant by 'shebeens',
I have breasted the river that flows
Through the land of the wild Gadarenes;
I can gossip with Burton on *skenes*,
I can imitate Irving (the Mime),
And my sketches are quainter than Keene's;
But—I am not in 'Men of the Time!'

ENVOY

So the tower of mine eminence leans
Like the Pisan, and mud is its lime;
I'm acquainted with dukes and with deans—
But—I am not in 'Men of the Time!'

Ballade of Autumn

WE built a castle in the air,
In summer weather, you and I;
The wind and sun were in your hair—
Gold hair against a sapphire sky:
When autumn came, with leaves that fly
Before the storm, across the plain,
You fled from me, with scarce a sigh—
My love returns no more again!

The windy lights of autumn flare:
I watch the moonlit sails go by;
I marvel how men toil and fare,
The weary business that they ply!
Their voyaging is vanity,
And fairy gold is all their gain,
And all the winds of winter cry,
'My love returns no more again!'

Here, in my castle of despair,
I sit alone with memory ;
The wind-fed wolf has left his lair,
To keep the outcast company.
The brooding owl he hoots hard by,
The hare shall kindle on thy hearth-stane,
The Rhymer's soothest prophecy—¹
My love returns no more again !

ENVOY

Lady, my home until I die
Is here, where youth and hope were slain :
They flit, the ghosts of our July,
My love returns no more again !

¹ Thomas of Ercildoune.

Ballade of True Wisdom

WHILE others are asking for beauty or fame,
Or praying to know that for which they should
 pray,
Or courting Queen Venus, that affable dame,
Or chasing the Muses the weary and gray,
The sage has found out a more excellent way—
To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers,
And his humble petition puts up day by day,
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Inventors may bow to the god that is lame,
And crave from the fire on his stithy a ray;
Philosophers kneel to the god without name,
Like the people of Athens, agnostics are they;
The hunter a fawn to Diana will slay,
The maiden wild roses will wreath for the Hours;
But the wise man will ask, ere libation he pay,
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Oh! grant me a life without pleasure or blame!
(As mortals count pleasure who rush through their day
With a speed to which that of the tempest is tame)!
Oh, grant me a house by the beach of a bay,
Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play
With the sea-weed in summer, ye bountiful powers!
And I'd leave all the hurry, the noise, and the fray,
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

ENVOY

Gods, give or withhold it; your 'yea' and your 'nay'
Are immutable, heedless of outcry of ours:
But life *is* worth living, and here we would stay
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Valentine in Form of Ballade

THE soft wind from the south land sped,
He set his strength to blow,
From forests where Adonis bled,
And lily flowers a-row :
He crossed the straits like streams that flow,
The ocean dark as wine,
To my true love to whisper low,
To be your Valentine.

The spring half-raised her drowsy head,
Besprent with drifted snow,
‘I’ll send an April day’, she said,
‘To lands of wintry woe’.
He came—the winter’s overthrow—
With showers that sing and shine ;
Pied daisies round your path to strow,
To be your Valentine.

Where sands of Egypt, swart and red,
'Neath suns Egyptian glow,
In places of the princely dead,
By the Nile's overflow,
The swallow preened her wings to go,
And for the north did pine,
And fain would brave the frost her foe,
To be your Valentine.

ENVOY

Spring, swallow, south wind, even so,
Their various voice combine ;
But that they crave on *me* bestow—
To be your Valentine.

Ballade of Old Plays

*(Les Œuvres de Monsieur Molière. A Paris, chez Louys Billaine, à la Palme.
M. D. C. LXVI.)*

LA COUR

WHEN these old plays were new, the King,
Beside the Cardinal's chair,
Applauded, 'mid the courtly ring,
The verses of Molière.
Point-lace was then the only wear,
Old Corneille came to woo,
And bright Du Parc was young and fair,
When these old plays were new!

LA COMÉDIE

How shrill the butcher's cat-calls ring,
How loud the lackeys swear!
Black pipe-bowls on the stage they fling,
At Brécourt, fuming there!
The porter's stabbed! a Mousquetaire
Breaks in with noisy crew—
'Twas all a commonplace affair
When these old plays were new!

LA VILLE

When these old plays were new ! They bring
A host of phantoms rare :
Old jests that float, old jibes that sting,
Old faces peaked with care :
Ménage's smirk, de Visé's stare,
The thefts of Jean Ribou—¹
Ah, publishers were hard to bear
When these old plays were new.

ENVOY

Ghosts, at your poet's word ye dare
To break death's dungeons through ;
And frisk, as in that golden air,
When these old plays were new !

¹ A knavish publisher.

Ballade of Life

‘“ Dead and gone ”,—a sorry burden of the Ballad of Life.’

Death's Jest Book.

SAY, fair maids, maying
In gardens green,
In deep dells straying,
What end hath been
Two Mays between
Of the flowers that shone
And your own sweet queen—
‘They are dead and gone!’

Say, grave priests, praying
In dule and teen,
From cells decaying—
What have ye seen
Of the proud and mean?
Of Judas and John,
Of the foul and clean?—
‘They are dead and gone!’

Say, kings, arraying
Loud wars to win—
Of your manslaying
What gain ye glean?
‘They are fierce and keen,
But they fall anon,
On the swords that lean—
They are dead and gone!’

ENVOY

Through the mad world’s scene,
We are drifting on,
To this tune, I ween,
‘They are dead and gone!’

Ballade of the Southern Cross

F AIR islands of the silver fleece,
Hoards of unsunned, uncounted gold,
Whose havens are the haunts of peace,
Whose boys are in our quarrel bold;
Our bolt is shot, *our* tale is told,
Our ship of state in storms may toss;
But ye are young, if we are old,
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

Ah, *we* must dwindle and decrease,
Such fates the ruthless years unfold;
And yet we shall not wholly cease,
We shall not perish unconsolated;
Nay, still shall freedom keep her hold
Within the sea's inviolate fosse,
And boast her sons of English mould,
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

All empires tumble—Rome and Greece—
Their swords are rust, their altars cold!
For us, the children of the seas,
Who ruled where'er the waves have rolled,
For us, in fortune's books enscrolled,
I read no runes of hopeless loss;
Nor—while *ye* last—our knell is tolled,
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

ENVOY

Britannia, when thy hearth's a-cold,
When o'er thy grave has grown the moss,
Still *Rule Australia* shall be trolled
In Islands of the Southern Cross!

Double Ballade of Primitive Man

To J. A. F.

HE lived in a cave by the seas,
He lived upon oysters and foes,
And his list of forbidden degrees,
An extensive morality shows ;
Geological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

He worshipp'd the rain and the breeze,
He worshipp'd the river that flows,
And the dawn, and the moon, and the trees,
And bogies, and serpents, and crows ;
He buried his dead with their toes
Tucked-up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their nose—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

His communal wives, at his ease,
He would curb with occasional blows ;
Or his state had a queen, like the bees ;
(As another philosopher trows):
When he spoke, it was never in prose,
But he sang in a strain that would scan,
For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man !

On the coasts that incessantly freeze,
With his stones, and his bones, and his bows ;
On luxuriant tropical leas,
Where the summer eternally glows,
He is found, and his habits disclose
(Let theology say what she can)
That he lived in the long, long agos,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man !

From a status like that of the Crees,
Our society's fabric arose—
Develop'd, evolved, if you please,
But deluded chronologists chose,
In a fancied accordance with Mos
es, 4000 B.C. for the span
When he rushed on the world and its woes—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man !

But the mild anthropologist—*he's*
Not *recent* inclined to suppose
Flints palæolithic like these,
Quaternary bones such as those!
In rhinoceros, mammoth and co.'s,
First epoch, the human began,
Theologians all to expose—
'Tis the *mission* of Primitive Man.

ENVOY

MAX, proudly your Aryans pose,
But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
For, as every Darwinian knows,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!¹

¹ The last three stanzas are by an eminent anthropologist

Ballade of the Dream

S WIFT as sound of music fled
When no more the organ sighs ;
Sped as all old days are sped,
So your lips, love, and your eyes,
So your gentle-voiced replies
Mine one hour in sleep that seem,
Rise and flit when slumber flies,
Following darkness like a dream !

Like the scent from roses red,
Like the dawn from golden skies,
Like the semblance of the dead
From the living love that hies ;
Like the shifting shade that lies
On the moonlight-silvered stream,
So you rise when dreams arise,
Following darkness like a dream !

Could some spell, or sung or said,
Could some kindly witch and wise,
Lull for aye this dreaming head
In a mist of memories,
I would lie like him who lies
Where the lights on Latmos gleam,—
Wake not, find not Paradise
Following darkness like a dream!

ENVOY

Sleep, that giv'st what Life denies,
Shadowy bounties and supreme,
Bring the dearest face that flies
Following darkness like a dream!

Ballade of Queen Anne

THE modish Airs,
The tansey brew,
The Swains and Fairs
In curtained pew ;
Nymphs KNELLER drew,
Books BENTLEY read,—
Who knows them, who ?
QUEEN ANNE is dead !

We buy her chairs,
Her china blue ;
Her red-brick squares
We build anew ;
But ah ! we rue,
When all is said,
The tale o'er-true,
QUEEN ANNE is dead !

Now *Bulls* and *Bears*,
A ruffling crew,
With stocks and shares,
With Turk and Jew,
Go bubbling through
The town ill-bred :
The world's askew,
QUEEN ANNE is dead !

ENVOY

Friend, praise the new ;
The old is fled :
Vivat FROU-FROU !
QUEEN ANNE is dead !

Ballade of the Real and Ideal

O VISIONS of salmon tremendous,
Of trout of unusual weight,
Of waters that wander as Ken does,
Ye come through the Ivory Gate!
But the skies that bring never a 'spate',
But the flies that catch up in a thorn,
But the creel that is barren of freight,
Through the portals of horn!

O dreams of the fates that attend us
With prints in the earliest state!
O bargains in books that they send us,
Ye come through the Ivory Gate!
But the tome that has never a mate,
But the quarto that's tattered and torn,
And bereft of a title and date,
Through the portals of horn!

O dreams of the tongues that commend us,
Of crowns for the laureate pate,
Of a public to buy and befriend us,
Ye come through the Ivory Gate !
But the critics that slash us and slate,¹
But the people that hold us in scorn,
But the sorrow, the scathe, and the hate,
Through the portals of horn !

ENVOY

Fair dreams of things golden and great,
Ye come through the Ivory Gate ;
But the facts that are bleak and forlorn,
Through the portals of horn !

¹ 'Slate' is a professional term for a severe criticism. Clearly the word is originally 'slat', a narrow board of wood with which a person might be beaten.

This was the note in earlier editions, but, in the *Athenæum*, October 31, 1891, Mr. Skeat gives another derivation, and insists that from his verdict only dull and ignorant people can differ. Οὐ φροντὶς Ἰπποκλείδῃ.

Ballade of Yule

*T*HIS life's most jolly, Amiens said,
Heigh-ho, the holly! So sang he.
As the good duke was comforted
In forest exile, so may we!
The years may darken as they flee,
And Christmas bring his melancholy:
But round the old mahogany tree
We drink, we sing *Heigh-ho, the holly!*

Though some are dead and some are fled
To lands of summer over sea,
The holly berry keeps his red,
The merry children keep their glee;
They hoard with artless secrecy
This gift for Maude, and that for Molly,
And Santa Claus he turns the key
On Christmas Eve, *Heigh-ho, the holly!*

Amid the snow the birds are fed,
The snow lies deep on lawn and lea ;
The skies are shining overhead,
The robin's tame that was so free.
Far north, at home, the 'barley bree'
They brew ; they give the hour to folly,
How 'Rab and Allan came to pree',
They sing, we sing, *Heigh-ho, the holly!*

ENVOY

Friend, let us pay the wonted fee,
The yearly tithe of mirth : be jolly !
It is a duty so to be,
Though half we sigh, *Heigh-ho, the holly!*

Ballade against the Jesuits

AFTER LA FONTAINE

ROME does right well to censure all the vain
 Talk of Jansenius, and of them who preach
 That earthly joys are damnable ! 'Tis plain
 We need not charge at Heaven as at a breach ;
 No, amble on ! We'll gain it, one and all ;
 The narrow path 's a dream fantastical,
 And Arnauld 's quite superfluously driven
 Mirth from the world. We'll scale the heavenly wall ;
 Escobar makes a primrose path to heaven !

He does not hold a man may well be slain
 Who vexes with unseasonable speech,
 You *may* do murder for five ducats gain,
Not for a pin, a ribbon, or a peach ;
 He ventures (most consistently) to teach
 That there are certain cases that befall
 When perjury need no good man appal,
 And life of love (he says) may keep a leaven.
 Sure, hearing this, a grateful world will bawl,
 ' Escobar makes a primrose path to heaven ! '

‘For God’s sake read me somewhat in the strain
Of his most cheering volumes, I beseech!’
Why should I name them all? a mighty train—
So many, none may know the name of each.
Make these your compass to the heavenly beach,
These only in your library install:
Burn Pascal and his fellows, great and small,
Dolts that in vain with Escobar have striven;
I tell you, and the common voice doth call,
Escobar makes a primrose path to heaven!

ENVOY

Satan, that pride did hurry to thy fall,
Thou porter of the grim infernal hall—
Thou keeper of the courts of souls unshriven!
To shun thy shafts, to ’scape thy hellish thrall,
Escobar makes a primrose path to heaven!

Ballade of Dead Cities

To E. W. G.

THE dust of Carthage and the dust
Of Babel on the desert wold,
The loves of Corinth, and the lust,
Orchomenos increased with gold ;
The town of Jason, over-bold,
And Cherson, smitten in her prime—
What are they but a dream half-told ?
Where are the cities of old time ?

In towns that were a kingdom's trust,
In dim Atlantic forests' fold,
The marble wasteth to a crust,
The granite crumbles into mould ;
O'er these—left nameless from of old—
As over Shinar's brick and slime,
One vast forgetfulness is roll'd—
Where are the cities of old time ?

The lapse of ages, and the rust,
The fire, the frost, the waters cold,
Efface the evil and the just ;
From Thebes, that Eriphyle sold,
To drown'd Caer-Is, whose sweet bells toll'd
Beneath the wave a dreamy chime,
That echo'd from the mountain-hold—
' Where are the cities of old time ? '

ENVOY

Prince, all thy towns and cities must
Decay as these, till all their crime,
And mirth, and wealth, and toil are thrust
Where are the cities of old time.

Ballade of the Wicked Earl

(Lines written after a fortnight spent with Ouida's novels.)

HAD I been 'in the purple born'
(As Ouida loves to say),
I'd treat morality with scorn,
And live uncommon gay:
My bills, of course, I ne'er would pay,
At creditors I'd sneer,
What 'hecatombs of doves' I'd slay,
Had I been born a peer!

What wreathes of roses I'd have worn,
All drenched with bright tokay!
What maidens from their lovers torn
Had rued their natal day!
What wondrous odds you'd see me lay,
What fences I would clear,
And gold, like dross, I'd fling away,
Had I been born a peer!

And last, grown aged, stern, forlorn,
My gold locks turned to gray ;
My crown of roses changed to thorn
I'd end with some display !
Through foeman's ranks I'd cleave my way,
Through Zouave and Cuirassier,
And die where fiercest raged the fray,
Had I been born a peer.

ENVOY

Ouida, the good old times decay,
And even viscounts fear
To play the kind of pranks we'd play
Had I been born a peer,
My dear, `
Had I been born a peer !

Ballade for the Laureate

RHyme, in a late disdainful age,
Hath many and many an eager knight;
Each man of them, to print his page,
From every quarter wings his flight!
What tons of manuscripts alight
Here in the Row, how many a while,
For all can rhyme, when all can write—
The Master's yonder, in the Isle!

Like Otus some, with giant rage,
But scarcely with a giant's might,
Ossa on Pelion engage
To pile, and scale Parnassus' height!
And some, with subtle nets and slight,
Entangle rhymes exceeding vile,
And wondrous adjectives unite—
The Master's yonder, in the Isle!

Alas, the Muse they cannot cage,
These poets in a sorry plight,
Vain is the weary war they wage,
In vain they curse the critic's spite!
While grammar some neglect outright,
While others polish with the file,
Some fate contrives their toil to blight—
The Master's yonder, in the Isle!

ENVOY

Prince, Arnold's jewel-work is bright,
And Browning, in his iron style,
Doth gold on his rude anvil smite—
The Master's yonder, in the Isle!

Ballade of the Midnight Forest

AFTER THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

STILL sing the mocking fairies, as of old,
Beneath the shade of thorn and holly-tree;
The west wind breathes upon them, pure and cold,
And wolves still dread Diana roaming free
In secret woodland with her company.
'Tis thought the peasants' hovels know her rite
When now the wolds are bathed in silver light,
And first the moonrise breaks the dusky gray,
Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

With water-weeds twined in their locks of gold
The strange cold forest-fairies dance in glee;
Sylphs over-timorous and over-bold
Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may be,
The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy;
Then 'mid their mirth, and laughter, and affright,
The sudden goddess enters, tall and white,
With one long sigh for summers pass'd away;
The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

She gleans her silvan trophies ; down the wold
She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee
Mixed with the music of the hunting roll'd,
But her delight is all in archery,
And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she
More than her hounds that follow on the flight ;
The goddess draws a golden bow of might
And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay.
She tosses loose her locks upon the night,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

ENVOY

Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,
The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight :
Amid the forest leaves and fountain spray
There is the mystic home of our delight,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

Ballade of Cleopatra's Needle

YE giant shades of RA and TUM,
Ye ghosts of gods Egyptian,
If murmurs of our planet come
To exiles in the precincts wan
Where, fetish or Olympian,
To help or harm no more ye list;
Look down, if look ye may, and scan
This monument in London mist!

Behold, the hieroglyphs are dumb
That once were read of him that ran
When seistron, cymbal, trump, and drum
Wild music of the Bull began;
When through the chanting priestly clan
Walk'd Ramses, and the high sun kiss'd
This stone, with blessing scored and ban—
This monument in London mist.

The stone endures though gods be numb ;
Though human effort, plot, and plan
Be sifted, drifted, like the sum
Of sands in wastes Arabian.
What king may deem him more than man,
What priest says faith can time resist
While *this* endures to mark their span—
This monument in London mist ?

ENVOY

Prince, the stone's shade on your divan
Falls ; it is longer than ye wist :
It preaches, as time's gnomon can,
This monument in London mist !

Ballade of Æsthetic Adjectives

THERE be ‘subtle’ and ‘sweet’, that are bad ones
to beat,
There are ‘lives unlovely’, and ‘souls astray’;
There is much to be done yet with ‘moody’ and ‘meet’,
And ‘ghastly’, and ‘grimly’, and ‘gaunt’, and ‘gray’;
We should ever be ‘blithesome’, but never be ‘gay’,
And ‘splendid’ is suited to ‘summer’ and ‘sea’;
‘Consummate’, they say, is enjoying its day—
‘Intense’ is the adjective dearest to me!

The snows and the rose they are ‘windy’ and ‘fleet’,
And ‘frantic’ and ‘faint’ are delight and dismay;
Yea, ‘sanguine’, it seems, as the juice of the beet,
Are ‘the hands of the king’ in a general way:
There be loves that ‘quicken’, and ‘sicken’, and ‘slay’;
‘Supreme’ is the song of the bard of the free;
But of adjectives all that I name in my lay
‘Intense’ is the adjective dearest to me!

The matron intense—let us sit at her feet,
And pelt her with lilies as long as we may;
The maiden intense—is not always discreet:
But the singer intense, in his ‘singing array’,
Will win all the world with his roundelay:
While ‘blithe’ birds carol from tree to tree,
And art unto nature doth simper, and say—
‘“ Intense ” is the adjective dearest to me!’

●

ENVOY

Prince, it is surely as good as a play
To mark how the poets and painters agree;
But of plumage aesthetic that feathers the jay,
‘ Intense ’ is the adjective dearest to me !

Ballade for a Baby

(From *The Garland of Rachel* ¹)

'TIS distance lends, the poet says,
Enchantment to the view,
And this makes possible the praise
Which I bestow on you.
For babies rosy-pink of hue
I do not *always* care,
But distance paints the mountains blue,
And Rachel always fair.

Ah, time! speed on her flying days,
Bring back my youth that flew,
That she may listen to my lays
Where Merton stock-doves coo;
That I may sing afresh, anew,
My songs, now faint and rare,
Time, make me always twenty-two,
And Rachel always fair.

¹ On the birth of Rachel, daughter of the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, of Worcester College, his friends were asked each to write her a poem, which were all bound under the title of *The Garland of Rachel*.

Nay, long ago, down dusky ways
Fled Cupid and his crew ;
Life brings not back the morning haze,
The dawning and the dew ;
And other lips must sigh and sue,
And younger lovers dare
To hint that love is always true,
And Rachel always fair.

ENVOY

Princess, let Age bid Youth adieu,
Adieu to this despair,
To me, who thus despairing woo,
And Rachel always fair.

*Ballade of the Muse**Quem tu, Melpomene, semel.*

THE man whom once, Melpomene,
Thou look'st on with benignant sight,
Shall never at the Isthmus be
A boxer eminent in fight,
Nor fares he foremost in the flight
Of Grecian cars to victory,
Nor goes with Delian laurels dight,
The man thou lov'st, Melpomene!

Not him the Capitol shall see,
As who hath crush'd the threats and might
Of monarchs, march triumphantly ;
But fame shall crown him, in his right
Of all the Roman lyres that smite
The first ; so woods of Tivoli
Proclaim him, so her waters bright,
The man thou lov'st, Melpomene!

The sons of queenly Rome count *me*,
 Me too, with them whose chants delight
 The poets' kindly company;
 Now broken is the tooth of spite,
 But thou, that temperest aright
 The golden lyre, all, all to thee
 He owes — life, fame, and fortune's height—
 The man thou lov'st, Melpomene—

ENVOY

Queen, that to mute lips could'st unite
 The wild swan's dying melody—
 Thy gifts, ah, how shall he requite—
 The man thou lov'st, Melpomene?



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